

# MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING

[MONTHLY.]

DECEMBER, 1883.

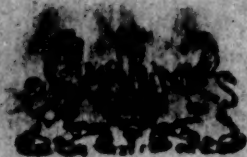
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# MERRY ENGLAND.

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DECEMBER, 1883.

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## National Holidays.

THERE are various kinds of greatness, from that of "The Great Twalmley, who invented the new Flood-gate Iron," upwards. But if the amiable and accomplished Member of Parliament, whose portrait appears opposite, ever has the adjective "great" tacked on to his name by posterity, it will probably be owing neither to his virtues nor his knowledge of insects—the first of which will probably be forgotten, and the latter demonstrated to be utter ignorance by some scientific person of the twentieth century, who, in his turn, is pretty sure *præbere crura* to the arrows of the twenty-first. It will be because Sir John Lubbock has been lucky enough, or wise enough, to identify his name with one of the most sensible returns, if it be only a return in a small way, to the wisdom of our ancestors that these days have seen, though they have, *Dieu merci!* seen a good many such, by way of compensation to some other things which they have seen also.

Until the Bank Holidays Act, there had been for many years a distinct tendency to abridge and do away with set feasts and times of rest and rejoicing in England. Part of this tendency came simply from the fact that there was, on the one hand, constantly more and more to do, and, on the other, a keener and keener competition for the privilege of doing it. But part of it also was derived from a more conscious and doctrinaire motive.

Why, it was often thought and sometimes said, should the State interfere to enforce idleness on individuals, and to enforce it at stated times? Every man may be trusted to give himself a holiday when he feels he wants it, and the best way to enable him to do so is to let him work as much as he likes and can to obtain means of enjoyment. Again, the growth of the rough—a personage who, in his essence and quiddity, might be said to be unknown until the present century—furnished a powerful argument for the abolition of fixed holidays. Although it is perfectly permissible to doubt whether statute fairs, wakes, mops, and other such gaudy days, ever really became quite such unmitigated nuisances as they were wont to be represented by the generation which, for the most part, got rid of them; and though it is still more permissible to put this nuisance down, as far as it existed, rather to the *laches* and the neglect of nominally respectable people, than to the wanton and deliberate evil-doing of persons not nominally respectable, there is no doubt that the population of a modern town, or even of a modern village of any size, does contain some elements not conducive to ideal harmony in large festive assemblages. Lastly, the excessive individualism—a very good thing in its way, and when not excessive—which marked the earlier part of this century resented, from the personal and not merely from the already-mentioned economic point of view, the prescription of public times and seasons of amusement. Add to all this the general and amiable sentiment that everything our fathers had done must be wrong, or, at least, that it behoved their intelligent sons to create institutions and habits for themselves, and we have the chief of the various causes owing to which, not many years ago (with the exception of Sunday, which was rather a day of rest than a holiday, and of a few special days in a few public offices), there could hardly be said to be such a thing as a public holiday recognized in England. The populace stuck to Boxing Day in London and other places, to Whitsun-



tide in the north of England, to New Year's-day and other anniversaries elsewhere ; but these exceptions were partial and precarious, and rather tended to disappear than to increase or be strengthened.

The institution of Bank Holiday is little more than a step in the right direction of retracement ; it needs a good deal of extension, and a good deal of completion in other ways. But it is the first step, and a not inconsiderable first step. The truth is, that experience has shown us (what might indeed have been shown beforehand by a little study of human nature) that men cannot be trusted, even if it were possible for them, to make their own holidays, and that they can be the less trusted, and will find it the more difficult, as society gets more and more busy and complicated. Greed of gain on the part of employed as well as of employers ; competition in the case of employers as well as of employed ; the inconvenience of arranging for the temporary relief of one of the parts of a machine so complicated as the industrial machine is with modern division of labour ; not least the mere tendency of the mill-horse to go on in his round and to be indifferent as to stepping out of it ; all these things make against holiday taking and holiday making, even by those who, in the common phrase, can afford it well enough. Moreover there is the consideration, which is perhaps the most important of all, that the disuse of regular and general holidays inevitably leads to the disuse and obsolescence of the machinery which facilitates the enjoyment of such holidays. A reference to the Middle Ages is a stock one on this subject, though it happens to be also rather dangerous. The generation which is principally responsible for the disuse of national and general holidays, admitted that there was a great deal of holiday-making in mediæval times, but set this down to the fact that the poor Middle Ages knew no better, and that, vacant of our glorious gains of Black Countries, sixteen-hour signal duty, and the like, they had nothing to do

except to play with hobbyhorses and maypoles. Then there came a generation which is by no means extinct now, and which denied the major. These people would have it that the poor Middle Ages really amused themselves very little, and that when they did, it was only that people might drown their misery for a time. This latter notion, due to Michelet and a few other brilliant and picturesque, but inaccurate and intensely prejudiced writers, can hardly hold ground against actual knowledge of mediæval life. If I came across any one who held this notion of mediæval misery, I should feel much inclined to examine him as to his knowledge of mediæval records and literature, and I do not think it unfair to say that I could foretell the result pretty certainly. That, however, is not the point. The Middle Ages in Western Europe, with the exception of the palmy days of classical Greece, were probably, if not certainly, the period of the world's history when public and national holiday-making was best understood. And when we look into their method, as well as when we look into the Greek method, we find that the secret of it consisted in the appropriation of particular festivals to particular employments, and in the arrangement of public resources accordingly, so that the ordinary man was not at a loss what to do with his leisure. Without such appropriation and arrangement, the ordinary man undoubtedly is at a loss to do this. The complaints of the loafing, indefinite, unenjoying manner in which the average Briton takes his holiday are stale enough, if that can be said to be stale which is continually freshened by new exhibitions of its truth. Perhaps there has been very recently some improvement, precisely owing to the fact that the revived existence of fixed and recurrent holidays has made it much more easy and much commoner to organize the enjoyment of them. There was plenty of such organization in the days just referred to. It survived the Middle Ages proper for a long time, and it is not entirely extinct in the remoter parts of the country even



yet. Scotland has never been quite so desperately busy as England, and she has also preserved more of the local feeling which, next to the influence of a great all-pervading corporation, such as the mediæval Church, is the best preserver of such things. "Gatherings," "meetings," and so forth, have never died out in Scotland, while in most parts of England the exceedingly inadequate substitute of a "race week" is about all that we have to show of this kind. Yet up to a very recent time village and town fairs (not to mention more independent and original gatherings, such as that to which Mr. Gosse's pleasant essay on Captain Dover's Cotswold Games may have called the attention of not a few who do not possess the quaint *Annalia Dubrensis* itself) represented a national organization for holiday-making, which has died out almost under our own eyes, and shows as yet only very faint signs of resurrection.

Perhaps it may appear to some readers that there is a confusion here between national amusements and national holidays, and they may feel inclined to ask whether there ever was a time when cricket clubs, football clubs, rowing clubs, amateur dramatic societies, and a score of other kinds of coalitions for pleasure taking were more frequent. There may or there may not have been such a time, but this does not affect the argument. The institutions in question may supply a very valuable assistance in organizing national holiday-making, but they are not, save in very rare cases, properly to be called parts of such an organization already and as they exist. They play to themselves and their fellow-members, not to the great national "gallery." In hardly any case do they supply the holiday-maker who does not belong to them, and who has to look closely after his shillings, with a means of passing such rare holidays as he has pleasantly and without cost. Until some such opportunities are offered in a more systematic fashion, and in infinitely greater diversity than at present, the arrangement of national holiday-making cannot be said to be complete, or even to be far

advanced. The debate which has arisen in consequence of the success of the Fisheries Exhibition illustrates this clearly enough. There are some people who are almost if not quite angry with other people because these latter point to the crowds that flocked to Cromwell Road as a sign of the attractiveness of gardens and music and lights. Yet, in face of this anger, the reflection will somehow return, that practically nothing more than some gas and a band and tolerably pretty grounds gave hundreds of thousands of Londoners something like a new pleasure, and that the ratepayers and the taxpayers of England pay annually for millions of cubic feet of gas, thousands of bandsmen and instruments, acres of prettily laid out garden, of which not one jet of gas, one inch of brass or catgut, one yard of turf or plantation is utilized for making a Bank Holiday more agreeable.

There are some people who think to settle this question out of hand by adding to the arguments against State holidays already referred to, the argument that modern communities are too large to make public organization of such holidays possible. Such a contention seems to ignore the existence in the arithmetic books of a useful rule called Division. The fact of London containing some four million people, or thereabouts, does not, as most of us have occasion to regret twice a-year, prevent an exceedingly neat and exact calculation of our individual indebtedness to the State and the local authorities from being presented to us. There is certainly nothing to prevent the sub-divisions, which facilitate the organization necessary for one purpose, being utilized for the other. But except to point out that there is nothing inherently impossible in the organization of holidays, by whatever administrative unit, ward, union, parish, or what not might be most convenient, there is neither use nor need of entering into details of that sort here. The points which it is desirable to establish, or rather to indicate—for the space necessary for their establishment is scarcely at

my disposal—are these. First, that national holidays are not merely a good, but a necessary thing, supposing (which, in handling such a subject, need not be argued) that it is desirable for the people at large to have holidays at all. Secondly, that national holiday-making had very nearly died out some years ago, and has, chiefly owing to the measure with which Sir John Lubbock's name is associated, been revived to some extent more recently. Thirdly, that this extent might be with considerable advantage greatly enlarged. Fourthly, and mainly, that some public or semi-public organization, to prevent the holiday from being a mere vacation, a mere negative absence of business, is absolutely needed, if the beneficial effect of such holidays on the classes who most need their benefit is to be secured.

As matters at present stand the upper and middle classes are very little concerned by such holidays; indeed, their concernment is sometimes of a rather disagreeable kind where it exists. Often, it is to be feared, the middle class housekeeper feels inclined to be anything but grateful to Sir John Lubbock for arrangements which necessitate the victualling of a London house for two or three days beforehand, as if for a kind of siege, which shut up shops and make a break in routine conveniences of all sorts. If the restoration of community of interest between classes were possible on some other terms than those suggested by certain platform orators—that is to say, that the lower classes should feel in the upper the interest of the Cyclops in Ulysses and his sailors—this indifference would of course depart. And Utopian as the notion may seem in these days, national holidays might even yet be an instrument as well as a result of the restoration of such a community of interest. But for the present, and speaking from an entirely practical point of view, the object of national holidays must be taken to be chiefly the provision of regular and almost enforced rest and amusement combined, for the enormous majority into whose



everyday life but a small portion of rest or amusement can enter. And for this purpose the organization of public means of amusement of the simple spectacular kind, is the great thing necessary. By one of the odd compensations of good and evil which frequently present themselves in this life, the very increase of holidays has made the means of cheap and semi-passive enjoyment of them more difficult. Early closing and Saturday half-holidays—not to mention Bank-holidays themselves—have resulted directly in depriving the streets of London, at these times, of the sole attraction which they used to possess. Every man of middle age, who has lived in London for most of his life, can remember when the lamp-lit streets at night, with the shops open, were in themselves pleasant to wander in up to ten or eleven o'clock, at least. Now, except in a very few, and those what are called "low" neighbourhoods for the most part, the lounge might as well be in a cemetery. The same is the case on Saturday afternoon to a less extent; throughout the Bank-holidays to a greater. Of course, one knows perfectly well that if the shops are kept open the shopmen or shopwomen cannot have a holiday. But the fact remains, that the shutting of them and of other places, deprives contemplative people, and impecunious folk, of a place to make holiday in. I, for my part, thoroughly agree with Lord Melbourne's estimate of the delightfulness and recreative power of "the gaslight on the backs of the lobsters." But what becomes of this form of recreation and delight when the gas is turned out, and the lobsters are behind shutters? The solution of the difficulty is, of course, the provision of places other than the streets, supplied with some more attractions than those of landscape gardening pure and simple, and open without cost. Against this the cuckoo cry of disorder is raised. Now, I believe the danger of this, even as things go, to be enormously exaggerated. There is hardly a more pathetic sight, though it has not very many of the more obvious elements of pathos, than the Thames Embankment at

present on a fine summer's evening. There is no attraction but the lamps and the river, and the flash and roar of the trains as they cross the bridges, and the sky-line of the buildings, and the "grey and formless daughters of the air" trailing their robes over all. The crowd which fills the whole wide roadway from Westminster to Blackfriars is not a very orderly or a very respectable crowd; indeed, it has a bad name so industriously given to it that respectability keeps aloof. But its disorder and its noise are at least as much owing to the fact of respectability keeping away, and to the fact of nothing being provided (at least nothing that appeals to the particular persons) to look at or to listen to except their own antics and their own howls as to its own vileness. The Embankment, too, has to do its work alone, for the parks and gardens are, for the most part, shut; the streets are dismal with closed shops and confined view, and no places of indoor amusement are open, except to those who have put money in their pocket. So the Embankment is crowded, and the crowd, having nothing better to be or to do, takes to horse-play, seldom to anything worse, for the too-famous Embankment outrages were and are committed, not when the place is full, but when it is empty. I do not think that I am much given to optimism; but I can perceive no reason for the common taking-for-granted that public amusements and places of resort, unless guaranteed by gate-money and conducted under strict and special supervision, must, in England, degenerate into scenes of riot. To establish this belief, the experiment ought to be tried on a sufficient scale, which, in our time at least, and in the larger towns (for at some seaside and other places of amusement it is tried with fair success) it never has been.

I am, of course, perfectly aware of the difficulties—much graver than this bugbear of disorder, and almost independent of questions of cost and the like—which lie in the way of any such organization of national playing as now exists of national

work and national administration. Before the restoration of really national holiday-making could come about in perfection, differences—political, religious, social, and other—would have to be healed and settled, which are probably not now to be healed in any fashion. Modern society is so thoroughly disintegrated that it may well seem impossible to re-integrate it. But no good comes of despair. Considering the various gospels—gospels of very dubious goodness in many cases—which have been preached with a great deal of success, I do not know why the gospel of play should not have some chance if it were preached vigorously enough, and “pushed,” as the commercial people say, with sufficient ingenuity. If I were to give my own opinion of its relative value, as compared with some other gospels—such as the gospel of universal education, the gospel of getting on, the gospel of *laissez faire*, &c., I should probably scandalize some good people. No doubt the thing might be carried too far ; but of that there is exceedingly little danger. The danger is, indeed, quite the other way. As it is, we have got our few general holidays, with the one great and universal holiday which, in England at least, survives all changes—the holiday which distinguishes this month from all other months—for the chief. If they could be multiplied (of course, “no more than reason”), so much the better. If, few or many, they could be made use of by individual, local, or general effort for organizing recreation in each locality and community, so much the better still. In such organization the main things to remember are—first, that the more people of the lower sort take part in the holiday the better ; secondly, that such taking part can be secured, at any rate to some extent, with little reality and still less appearance of patronage or meddling on the part of the upper sort ; and lastly, that the great thing is to provide rather things to see, hear, and more or less passively enjoy, than things to do. The beautification of cities is in itself not a small contribu-



tion towards making national holidays possible and enjoyable, all drawbacks of climate notwithstanding. It is quite possible, without borrowing Utopias either from Dr. Richardson or from Mr. William Morris, to conceive a London in which the mere opportunity of wandering about, without having any necessity of work, would be something of a holiday in itself. But it may be frankly admitted that this would be a very different London from that of Christmas, 1883.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## Master and Man :

### A POSSIBLE SOLUTION OF THE LABOUR RIDDLE.

"I believe in the God who has written in our hearts the law of duty, the law of progress, the law of sacrifice of one's self for others. I am the humble disciple of Him Who has told us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us, and to love our neighbours as ourselves."—From M. LECLAIRE'S Will.

MR. EMERSON has defined the highest prudence as that which "believes in a vast future—sure of more to come than is yet seen—postpones always the present hour to the whole life—postpones talent to genius, and special results to character." This comprehensive definition of prudence is based upon that faith in the worth and possibilities of human nature which justifies hope in a fairer future, and it enunciates the law of sacrifice as that by which alone this higher stage can be attained. In the history of the "Young England Party" which has been traced in these pages, Mr. George Saintsbury showed that the inspiring idea that ruled this handful of young men of genius was not solely the generous conviction that the conditions of existence to which the masses were doomed were uncharitable, but that they were also impolitic—that the antagonism between classes in a nation presents the ominous picture of "a house divided against itself." If the means adopted by the Young England Party were inadequate to improve these conditions, or to bridge over the chasm that separates the wealthy few from the impoverished many, yet the Movement initiated by a band of young enthusiasts marked a departure from the ideal that had hitherto ruled the relations between the class in possession and that outside it. There may have been an apparent inconsistency in the leader of that band becoming in later years the chief of the Conservative party ; but in the quality of his Conservatism there

was the savour of an antique character, tending towards a return to first principles, and claiming for every human being the possession of certain reasonable inborn rights.

The world just now is busy at reform. Reform of everything—of parliaments and parishes, of education, of industry, of the rights and position of women : everything is passing through the crucible. But all topics pale in importance before that impending one regarding the relations between capital and labour, between the employer and the employed. Statesmen, economists, philanthropists admit, with the working-classes, that this is the burning question of the day, and that a pernicious element must necessarily exist in a State so long as the energies of employers and employed do not heartily co-operate in their common enterprise—so long as the rich feel that the producers of riches are in opposition to them. Individualism has had its day ; co-operation is the adopted rallying word of the future. But the co-operation of one class against another widens the breach, and makes the antagonism fiercer. In the strife of strikes, of workmen against capitalists, victory means loss to the victor as well as to the defeated. Various schemes have been tried, on the Continent especially, to conciliate these divergent interests. Schemes of State Socialism have been set on foot, but in every case the ultimate result has proved that such schemes really retard true social and economic progress. The only genuine socialism, having in it the elements of enduring prosperity, must be that Christian Socialism which recognizes truly, not merely verbally, the principle of fraternity as the one just and reasonable basis on which our many-sided society of men and women can work together.

It is to France we have to turn for a perfect example of an organized system of work and workers, of capital and labour. In "*La Biographie d'un Homme Utile*," M. Charles Robert gives us the history of "*La Maison Leclaire*." The story has been told by English economists. Miss Mary Hart, especially, has



popularized it by her admirable lectures delivered in various towns, and by publishing an interesting account of it in pamphlet form.

Briefly summed up, the story is as follows:—Edmé Jean Leclaire was born in 1801, of poor parents, in a small village in the department of the Yonne. His first occupation was tending cattle in the fields. At seventeen he arrived in Paris, without a halfpenny in his pockets, and was taken as an apprentice by a house-painter. He lived for two or three years on the barest pittance, teaching himself to read in his rare hours of leisure, patiently enduring the hardships an apprentice had to suffer at a time when the laws regulating industrial apprenticeships were less clearly defined than they are now. In truth, it was to life's apprenticeship the young man was serving his time, in its severest form. But his courage was proof against all trials. At twenty he was made foreman. At twenty-two he married. This union proved childless, but it was one in which through life husband and wife were bound together by the tenderest sympathy and firmest comradeship. At twenty-six Leclaire set up a small business on his own account as contractor, painter and glazier. We refer our readers to Miss Hart's lecture, or to the pages of M. Charles Robert's biography, to read for themselves the narrative of the intelligence, zeal, unswerving conscientiousness that led this house from small beginnings to become one of the first importance. When this was accomplished, when the house stood on a firm basis, the master bethought him of his workmen, of that large family of fellow-toilers who had helped him to achieve this result. In 1842 M. Leclaire inaugurated the system of participation of profits. He worked out every detail of his plan with such foresight and consummate ability, that it must be accepted as an example of the wisest and most just solution hitherto found of the difficult problem of the association of capital and labour.

He himself gives the reasons that led him to take this step. He suffered by living continually among men whose interests and sentiments were not in harmony with his own, and he had long sought means to establish more cordial relations with them. He had begun by giving up the mistaken system of paying the lowest wages and dismissing for the slightest fault. By a liberal increase of wages he had succeeded in attaching his men to him. It may be argued that in all this he was swayed by sentiment; and as the young lady in "Engaged" says, "Business is business," and in business sentiment has no place. Leclair knew this, and accordingly the revolution he effected was based upon a strictly economical calculation. He saw that the zeal of his workmen did not increase with increase of wages. "I asked myself," he says, "could a workman in our business, by putting more *heart* into his work produce in the same given time—*i.e.*, a day, a surplus of work equivalent to the value of an hour's pay—*i.e.*, sixpence? Could he, besides, save  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  a day by avoiding all waste of the materials entrusted to him, and by taking greater care of his tools? Every one would say he could." If a single workman could arrive at this result of realizing for his master an additional  $8\frac{1}{2}d.$  a day, in 300 working days there would be a gain of £10 4s. 2d. per man, or upwards of £3,000 a year in a business like Leclair's, which employed at that time 300 on an average. Having established this calculation, he at once acted upon it. He assembled his workmen and announced his intention henceforth to divide half the profits of the enterprise among his best workmen according to the rate of wages earned, deducting 5 per cent. for invested capital, and 6,000fr. (£240) for his salary as manager. The workmen received the proposal with suspicion, believing they detected in it a scheme for lowering their wages. Leclair's answer to this distrust on the part of men whose welfare he had so deeply at heart, was, the following year, to empty a bag of gold on the table, containing £475, to be divided among the

forty-four men entitled to participate in the profits. This form of reply convinced the most incredulous. From that day, the scheme that ultimately made the fortune of Leclaire's house gradually developed to its final perfect organization, securing the welfare of its workpeople, and with it their affection and veneration for their employer. When, in 1864, Monsieur Leclaire made his last division of profits among his men, it was calculated that the sum he had divided among them and the Mutual Help Society, since the day he had shared among them the contents of the bag of gold, amounted to 460,000fr. (£18,400). This man, gifted with the genius of applying to practical issues humanitarian ideas, died in 1872. He had retired for some years to his country-house at Herblay, purposely keeping aloof from the management of the business in order that his successors and workmen should train themselves to walk without him. He had taken every precaution that his work should not perish with him. On the 5th of January, 1869, a legal contract had been signed before a notary securing to the workmen their share in the profits of the enterprise and making them co-proprietors of its capital. The wisdom that framed this system has borne the further fruits of a steadily increasing prosperity to the "Maison Leclaire." Year after year it employs a larger number of men, undertakes more important works, raises higher the standard of the associated interests of employers and employed. Its receipts in 1872 were 1,500,000fr. (£60,000). In 1882 they had risen to 3,000,000fr. (£120,000). In 1881 the workmen's share in the division of profits was £12,900. From 12, 14, 16, 17 and 18 per cent., these added receipts have risen, till they now amount to one-fifth of their salary.

Before entering more fully into the details of a scheme crowned by such splendid results, we must impress upon our readers that the *participation of profits* system differs from that of co-operative societies, in that the latter share *losses* and



*profits* alike, whereas in the former the workmen share the *profits* only. The losses and the responsibility are borne by the chief. He alone is responsible for the commercial honour of the house ; he alone for the quality of the goods manufactured. He bears every loss ; in case of disaster, he alone is ruined. In unprosperous as in prosperous years the workmen receive the same salary. They are not asked to contribute out of past profits towards repairing present losses. They are absolutely protected from loss. This appears a one-sided contract, opposed to economic precepts and theories ; yet experience has shown that wherever this system has been applied under good management—and certainly the management requires to be particularly skilful, patient, and honest—it has been crowned with success. It is no longer theory that suggests, but experience that proves that in a well-ordered enterprise, where the workmen feel themselves pecuniarily interested in the collective undertaking, they bring their utmost skill and energy to the task. There is strict economy in production—work better done, more rapidly executed, and greater punctuality. Then follows the inevitable current of success, for the public is quick to recognize those houses where the best quality of goods can be had for its money, and where delivery is most punctual. Under this system, too, strikes are unknown, for association gives strikes their death-blow. The concluding words of a work on “profit-sharing” by M. Van Marcken, a Dutch manufacturer of alcohol and yeast, are especially addressed to the timid :—“Put it to the test. I would cry this from the housetops in the ears of all my fellow-employers, of all heads of industries, great and small. Let us seek prosperity in making others prosperous ; let us seek happiness in making others happy ; let us work in our own interest and in that of humanity at large, in working for the welfare of our workmen ; let us sacrifice some of our leisure to this aim ; risk for it some of our money ; show some devo-

tion to it ; neither our hearts nor our purses will be the worse for it."

The plan organized by M. Leclaire is too elaborate for us to do more than indicate its more salient features. A sum amounting to 5 per cent. on the capital stood as the first charge upon profits. The two partners—for M. Leclaire had associated a partner in the direction—were expected each to invest £4,000 (100,000 francs) in the business. The tenth part of the remaining profits was at first devoted to the formation of a reserve fund ; when the capital thus formed of this fund reached £4,000, equal to the share invested in the business by each partner, the deduction from profits ceased. Henceforth they were thus divided : 25 per cent. to the managers ; 50 per cent. to the workers ; 25 per cent. to the Mutual Aid Society. This Society, at the outset little more than a benefit club, was in July, 1863, by deed formally enrolled as a corporate body, and recognized as a sleeping partner of the firm. Out of this Mutual Aid Society life-pensions are given to men who, at fifty years of age, have served the house for twenty consecutive years : half-pensions are allowed to widows. Orphans, the sick, the accidentally wounded in the service of the firm, are provided for by its funds.

Another feature of M. Leclaire's scheme was the institution of a committee forming a "nucleus," composed of the best workmen, to constitute the tribunal by which the work was to be judged, and cases of misconduct or insubordination tried. By the general assembly of this committee the foremen are elected, and on the death or resignation of one of the members his successor is named. M. Leclaire's dream had been "that a workman and his wife should, in their old age, have the wherewithal to live in peace without being a burden to any one." After his death, in January, 1881, the funds of the Mutual Aid Society enabled his successor to raise the

pensions from 1,000 francs (£40), the sum originally fixed, to 1,200 francs (£48), thereby more than realizing the dream of a man whose indomitable courage was equalled only by his greatness of heart. On the 1st of October, 1882, the capital of the Mutual Aid Society was declared to have reached 1,412,224fr. (£56,488).

Numerous influential houses in France have followed, with excellent results, on the lines traced by M. Leclaire. Others, while varying the details of the organization, carry out the principle of the alliance of capital and labour by admitting workmen to a participation of profits in addition to their fixed wages. Monsieur Charles Robert gives the history of these various enterprises. His statements may be received with confidence, as, in his capacity of president of the society formed for the study of the "participation of profits" system, he has engaged in direct correspondence with the heads of the various industries by whom the experiment has been tried. Foremost amongst these is M. Godin's foundry. M. Godin instituted the famous "Familistère," or Co-operation Palace, at Guise, where his work-people enjoy all the advantages of wealth. The notable feature of the system adopted by this eminent philanthropist is the encouragement and facility afforded the workmen of buying shares in the factory, which eventually must become their property and be transformed into a co-operative association. Another foundry, the well-known house of MM. Goffinon et Barbas, has adopted the "participation of profits" system. The paper manufactory, "Laroche-Joubert," the working capital of which is 4,000,000fr. (£160,000), introduced it almost simultaneously with the "Maison Leclaire" in 1842 or 1844. The printing-house of M. Chaix has adopted it with such success that the directors have been enabled, within a few years, to raise, from 600 to 1,200, the number of men they employ. The pianoforte factory of M. Bord, since 1865, and the engine factory of M. Pyat, are worked upon this plan.



These are only a few of the important and prosperous industries in France that are carrying out this principle of the association of capital and labour. In Holland, M. Van Marcken is its ardent advocate. In Germany successful experiments have been made of "profit-sharing" applied to agriculture, an account of which will be found in Professor Böhmert's exhaustive work on the subject.

No country has had more experience than England in the working of co-operation, but the system of the "participation of profits" is only now being put fairly on its trial. Last March the "Decorative Co-operators Association" was started at 405, Oxford Street, Miss Mary Hart being its honorary secretary. This lady, who has done so much by her writings and lectures on the "Maison Leclaire" system to familiarize the working-classes with the central principle of "participation of profits," is the animating spirit of this notable venture; the principles on which this Association is based are strictly those laid down by the illustrious Frenchman. A sum, amounting to 5 per cent. on the capital invested, stands as the first charge upon the profits, the net profits to be divided as follows:—One-quarter to the managers, one-quarter to the Mutual Aid Society, one-half to the workers and the reserve fund—20 per cent. of profits being given to the reserve fund and 30 per cent. to the workers, in exact proportion to wages earned. We have shown in the preceding pages the magnificent results to managers and workmen that followed a similar division of profits at the "Maison Leclaire."

As the directors of the English house look forward to the time when the capital of the firm will be held by its employés, and when the men themselves will constitute a self-governing body, it is proposed that half the bonuses payable to the workmen shall be given in the shape of £1 shares, which can be held by the employés only of the firm, who thus, by honest work and good character, can earn the right of becoming share-

holders. Short as has been the career of the "Decorative Co-operators Association," it has, so far, proved a success. The experiment is attracting the attention of some of the most thoughtful minds, and enlisting the practical sympathy of members of the richer classes.

The undertaking is beset by difficulties—the spirit of selfishness that pervades the trading world is against it. The distrust of the working-classes has to be combated. The diffidence or apathy of the public regarding all questions of social reform has to be overcome. The latter can be best met by the quality of the work turned out by the firm; while workmen and capitalists can be won over only by the material advantages proved to accrue to both interests by the experiment. Much depends upon the success of the Association. Doubtless, when it has cleared the road, and led the way to excellent results, other firms will find it easier to tread the same path.

Various other trading concerns in London are working on the co-operative plan. Hamilton & Co., Co-operative Shirt and Dress Makers, started in 1875 with nine workwomen. A fair wage to the employed, and a promise of a direct share in the profits of the business so soon as profits began to accrue, with facilities given to become part proprietors in the concern by investing their savings in the purchase of small shares, were the principles upon which the undertaking was formed. It was a protest against the disastrously low rate of wages hitherto given to needlewomen. How far the enterprise has succeeded may be judged by the fact that were Hamilton & Co. a limited liability company it would now be declaring a dividend of 8 per cent. on the total original capital. There is also the Co-operative Needlewomen's Society in Brooke Street, Holborn, proceeding on the same principle of giving, in addition to a just wage, a division of profits amongst the workers in proportion to the skill and amount of their work.

It is, however, by the effect upon the fortunes of the

greater undertakings that the merits of the "participation of profits" system may be best tested. If it is proved to the capitalist that the sacrifice he is called upon to make is but apparent, that not pecuniary advantages only are secured to him, but peace of mind and higher commercial honour following on the better executed work associated with his name—if to the workmen can be secured increased wages, the stimulus of hope, the self-respect engendered by work done with conscientiousness and zeal, then will the principle of Christian Socialism have scored a victory. To us it seems that the adoption of this "participation of profits" system would be a step taken towards the brighter day when toil-wearied England may be holiday England again—that "Coming Day" of the Poet :

Then a man shall work, and bethink him, and rejoice in the deeds of  
his hand ;

Nor yet come home in the even, too faint and weary to stand.

Men in the time a-coming shall work and have no fear  
For to-morrow's lack of earning, and the hunger-wolf a-near.

Oh strange new wonderful justice ! But for whom shall we gather the  
gain ?

For ourselves and for each of our fellows, and no hand shall labour in  
vain.

Then all *mine* and all *thine* shall be *ours*, and no more shall any man  
crave

For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend for a slave.

ALICE CORKRAN.



## White Butterflies.

WHITE-WINGED butterflies in a convent playing,  
Pale almond-blossoms peeping through the pane,  
Monk's eyes wandering, thoughts that will go maying,  
Black-lettered folios open wide in vain.

*White-winged butterflies, what would you say?  
"Follow, follow, follow, young feet, come away,"  
And the young feet followed in the month of May.*

Gay peacock butterflies, flaunting in the summer,  
Tall tiger lilies, roses red and white,  
Light lips that welcome lightly each new comer,  
Laughter and revel, morning, noon and night.  
*Gay peacock butterflies, what would you say?  
"Come with us, young brother, come and kiss and stay."  
And he tarried with them all one summer day.*

Poor pale butterflies, broken-winged and dying,  
Poor proud peacocks, frozen in the snow,  
Black-lettered pages in a monk's cell lying,  
Poor tears falling on them sad and slow.  
*Poor dying butterflies, trodden on the way,  
Poor tears dropping where the thick dust lay,  
You will never—never find a second May.*

U. ASHWORTH TAYLOR.

## The Abbot's Gold: A Legend of Furness.

ON a lovely autumn day I was fulfilling a long intended pilgrimage to the venerable Abbey of Furness, one of the noblest ruins of monastic grandeur that survive to us, despite the ravages of time and the archaeological enthusiasm of the *bourgeois* excursionist. I had completed a satisfactory tour through the precincts of the abbey, and had even extended my investigations to a desultory survey of the old royal manor which had usurped the site of a once-flourishing demesne of Holy Church, and, after a long and well-spent day, I turned my steps towards the homely inn where dinner and repose awaited me.

Arrived within, I was surprised to hear my name uttered with an accent of joyful welcome, and the next moment I was exchanging greetings with a crony of my boyhood, a county antiquary and my faithful guest during his frequent visits to town. As even an antiquary's symposium needs the inspiration of stronger stimulants than friendship and a common enthusiasm, we lost no time in doing justice to the cheer spread before us; and then, drawing our chairs nearer the welcome blaze of a wood-fire, settled ourselves for an interchange of kindred ideas.

"You ask me," began my friend, "what I am doing here. Well, then, to explain the matter in a few words, I have been haunted lately by a weird story of the old monastic days, connected with the concealment of some treasure by Roger, last Abbot of Furness, which I hit upon in an ancient MS. amongst my father's county *collectanea*; and I could not rest till I had explored

the scene of the incident, to see if I could identify any of its details—in which, by the way, I have failed.” “Then what will you say,” I broke in, “to the coincidence of my having visited this place on a very similar errand, except that my story is simply prosaic?” “And mine,” he rejoined, “of the strangest. But to prevent confusion, or—what I hate still worse—mystification, let us go to the point—that is, to the story; of which I will first give you my version.” So saying, my friend fished out from the depths of a well-worn satchel an old MS. of five or six folios in an Elizabethan hand, and then he read the legend, of which a transcript is modernized here:—

### A Legend of Furness.

On the first day of April, in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of our late Sovereign lord the King of famous memory, Harry the Eighth, Henry, an indevout monk of Furness, being on that day, before sunset, in the house of Roger Janson of Furness, labourer, with Mary Janson his wife, William Towers, labourer, and Margery his wife, James Fell, yeoman, and other inhabitants, being poor people of Furness in the same place assembled; and Roger Janson making report of the intended visitation of the monasteries of Furness and Whalley appointed to be again taken and held at Whalley; and William Towers speaking and saying that there were like to be hanged by the neck at one time more people than had been seen since the late pilgrimage holden for the grace of God and for the love of our Blessed Lady; and James Fell saying that then there should be great gifting of monastery lands and selling of goods, taken for the use of the King's Majesty within those religious houses when they should come to be suppressed, and that then whosoever would might have both cattle and wool and corn, and all things else, to his most profit and advantage, paying therefore but little to the King's Highness' bailiffs, as elsewhere had been done and none called in question for the same; and that



then the Abbots of those monasteries, and their brethren the monks thereof, might chance to fare far and to fare ill, their monastery houses being thus suppressed and they having little hope of sustenance out of the revenues of the same ; the said monk relateth as follows :—

First he saith that on the morrow of St. Hilary, last past, being in the refectory chamber of the monastery, after vespers heard with divers other brethren of the house, there came to him word by John Dune and another his fellow that the Abbot would have speech with him as secretly as might be in the garden of the monastery. And he going thither as was commanded him found only the Abbot and none else at that time. And the Abbot straitly examining him and asking whether there was any other that knew of his coming thither, he replied that there was none that knew thereof, as he verily thought, save only John Dune and his fellow ; and being further asked touching his honesty in that matter, and whether he was willing to be aiding to the Abbot in his intents, he answered that he was, and would be ever true servant and clerk to his lord the Abbot. And thereupon the Abbot bade him go quickly to the hall, and to take from thence an iron bar which he might find therein, flattened and piked at one end ; and further commanded him that he should next repair to the refectory chamber, having the same bar of iron hidden within his gown so that it might be seen of none, and that he should require and receive a flagon or quart pot of strong ale from the buttery as for his own proper use and need, and should bear the same with all convenient speed unto the Abbot then awaiting him in the garden without the monastery walls. Which when he had so done, the Abbot, taking from him the flagon, drank thereof but little, and bade him drink deep thereof, as he should have need of the same. And after he had so drunk, and nothing remaining within the flagon, the Abbot bade him wipe the same and hide it within his gown and to follow where he should

lead, and speak no word by the way. And that immediately the Abbot went before, he following in manner and form as had been enjoined him ; and coming to the further door of the garden, and opening the same with a key, they passed out privily from the precincts of the monastery. And it being now night, they fared no great way or they came to a certain wall of stone and lime ; but where the same is situate, or whereunto adjoining, he knoweth not, or, if he knew, then may he not in conscience declare the same. And thereupon passing beside the wall, within the shadow of the same, the Abbot tarried by a piece thereof of greater height, as it seemed, than the rest, and wherein the building was not greatly decayed. Whereupon he did command the said monk to strike upon the face of the wall with the iron bar, and to loosen the stones in the midst thereof, which, when he had so done, and had stricken lustily thereon, so that certain stones, to the number of three or four, were wholly loosened and removed out of the midst of the wall, the Abbot, taking up the flagon, placed therein certain pieces both of gold and silver, which before he had in a canvas bag, and the same concealed beneath his gown, and placed the flagon within that hole, and bade the said monk to hasten and put in the stones so removed as before they had been. And when he had so done, the Abbot drew thereon the sign of the blessed Rood, and so departed thence with him, and returned to the monastery by the same way whereby they came. And the Abbot spake thereafter to him of that which he had done, that he should speak no word thereof to any, for that the pieces which he had so concealed were parcel of his own goods, and were none of the goods of the said monastery. And that, hereafter, he should have advantage thereof at his most need, yet that he would do nothing therein without the knowledge of the said Henry, and so gave him his blessing and parted from him. And, furthermore, the said monk verily believeth that if the monastery should come to be suppressed

as aforesaid, that then the Abbot would have the same treasure at his need and for the profit and advantage of himself and the said monk, as he was holden to perform to him.

Now, when the monk hath made an end of speaking, Roger Janson answereth, and saith that he would not that the Abbot nor any other should have such treasure away from the King's Highness, and that it were well that the same were looked to. And William Towers speaketh further, and saith that it be small gain for clerks to lay up treasure in this world. And many more things he speaketh to the same intent, and, amongst other, that much eating of venison and drinking of strong ale hath oft times cast men into a sleep, and made them to perceive strange visions, and to walk abroad for to seek treasure, and yet had they never stirred from their place; whereat the rest are exceeding merry. But the said monk faileth into a great anger and displeasure against him, calling him heretic, and plainly saying that he will have no secular knave intermeddle with that Church and Religious House, and so departeth in wrath, having with him only James Fell, unto whom he is sib.

Then cometh on the sixth day of the same month to Whalley, the Earl of Sussex, the King's Majesty's Liéutenant of the County of Lancaster, within the Duchy of the same, and with him a goodly company, as well clerks as laymen; to wit, the right worshipful Anthony Fitzherbert, Knight, one of his Majesty's justices and councillors for the same county, Master William Leyland, Master John Clayden, priest, and many others. Then, after speech had with the Abbots of Furness and Whalley, present at that time at Whalley, and nothing therein effected according to his desires, the said Earl is served apart as it pleaseth him, and, after, he calleth for pen, ink, and paper, and writeth to the King's Majesty by the hands of Master Secretary Cromwell, to this purpose:—That he hath received his Highness' letters of late to him directed to



examine the abbots and monks of those monasteries, and, if need were, to commit them to prison according as they should prove stubborn or submissive unto his Highness' pleasure. But that even before-time hath he done so, and hath committed divers of those brethren to ward whom he looketh shortly for to hang if they be not of greater weight than a timber-tree of those parts may endure, and yet for all this will they nothing confess nor make surrender of their places. And the Abbot of Whalley, being a prouder churl than them all, he will deal with of the first; but the Abbot of Furness seemeth a good likely knave, and may somewhat acknowledge if he be featly worked on to that intent. And he prayeth his Highness' further instructions herein.

Whereupon the Earl maketh an end of his writing and speaketh to divers of his company to repair on the morrow unto the parts of Furness to seek for such as will inform against the abbots and monks of those monasteries. And not long after, by the space of three or four days, there come unto the monastery of Whalley divers inhabitants of Furness and make information against the Abbot of the same. And that day the Commissioners of the King's Highness sitting in audience, the Abbot of Furness maketh surrender of his monastery into the King's hands, taking into consideration the less than ruly life of the brethren. Whereupon the Commissioners, casting about how they may undo the said Abbot and all his folk, call for him to make an account of all his goods and jewels and plate so delivered up, which he rendereth accordingly. And whereas there chanceth to be found amongst the papers of that Abbot an inventory of all his proper goods and chattels and therein written the following, that is to say:—

En gold, 55*li.*; and in silber, 50*z.*; and in old go'd, 24*z.*

which the Abbot hath in no way answered. And being interrogated concerning the same, he maketh denial thereof,

but being presently commanded to ward, and there in fear of his life if he shall not find some means to avoid that censure, the Abbot confesseth that he committed that treasure into the keeping of one Henry, monk of Furness, to be held by him for the use of that monastery. And then the said Henry, being sent for and straitly examined touching that treasure, remaineth as one dumb; but being fast in prison, and despairing of his life, he sendeth for James Fell, by whom he may discover all that matter. Now, the said James being brought unto him he prayeth him, to redeem his life, that he will repair unto the place where the treasure is laid and deliver the same into the hands of the Commissioners of the King's Highness; urging that it were no light thing to be hanged for a parcel of silver, the same being of no great value.

Thereupon, James Fell departeth to seek that treasure according to the instructions given unto him. And at midnight he cometh to the wall, wherein the treasure was hid, and findeth the mark set, whereby he should discover the same. And as he loosneth the stones thereout, he looketh up, and perceiveth that there is one there beside him, habited all in velvet of black, and a bonnet of the same, and two feathers of red beside his head, like as men use to wear a rose. And fearing that he shall be robbed of the treasure he lifteth his bar for to smite the said stranger. Yet, may he not strike any blow against him, by reason that the bar burneth into his hand. Then the stranger biddeth him to fear nothing, for that he is a friend and well-wisher unto him: and further telleth him that he is deceived by the said monk in that he declared that treasure to be of small value, for that the same is of great price, being gold and none silver pieces: and for a token showeth him a piece of gold of great size and weight, on the one side whereof is figured two women bearing shields, but of the other side thereof he might not have any view. And the stranger declareth unto him that all the pieces hidden by the

said abbot and monk be of that size and value, and no less ; and biddeth him to reach forth his hand and to take a piece out from the flagon, within the said wall, to see whether it were so, or nay ; whereupon he putteth forth his hand into the hole and feeleth for the flagon, and taketh thereout one piece and no more, and seeth the same to be of the size and value of that which was showed unto him : and turning the same within his hand he perceiveth on the other side thereof a great cross figured, and showeth this unto the stranger, who, looking thereon, maketh a great outcry, and parteth from him suddenly, in a noisome vapour, and is seen no more of the said Fell. But as now a great storm arose with winds and rain and lightnings out of heaven, Fell tarrieth no longer than to restore the flagon into its former place, and hasteneth away, and cometh back to the said monk and telleth him that he hath sought long time and nothing found save a certain flagon empty beside the wall, and that he verily thinketh some other hath been beforehand with him therein, to take away the treasure by stealth. Whereupon the monk, after hearing that tale, beginneth for to rend his gown, and to pluck forth his hair, and to curse and swear, saying that of a truth the devil, and none else, hath promoted that doing. And asking further, whether he met any by the way, and Fell making answer that he met such an one not known unto him, clothed all in black and two plumes of red beside his cap, the said monk crosseth himself oft, declaring that of a certainty it were the very devil, and none else, for that he hath made himself known erewhile to many in that form ; whereat Fell trembleth sore, and fleeth away, and hiding himself for a long space is seen of no man.

And, shortly after, Henry the monk is called into the presence of the King's Highness' Commissioners to render an account of that treasure supposed to have been given into his keeping by the Abbot of Furness, and he can naught declare



concerning the same, save only that it hath departed out of his keeping or knowledge ; whereupon he is adjudged contumacious, and committed for a felony. Moreover, certain inhabitants of Furness, and amongst others Roger Janson and William Towers aforesaid, come before the court and swear then and there that in the presence of them all the said Henry, drawing a king's head upon the ground with his staff, spat thereon, speaking these words : "That he would have no secular knave to be head of the Church," in contempt of the King's Majesty's person, his crown, and dignity ; for which words the said monk was immediately after convicted and condemned to death as for treason and felony ; and, being brought unto Furness, was hanged there in a field called thereafter the "Hanging Field," in the occupation of James Fell, and holden by him as of the Manor of Furness, being the same wherein that treasure was concealed.

Now in the winter following is the great frost ; but when the spring cometh, the Abbots of Whalley and Salley are hanged at Lancaster, and divers of their monks with them. And about this time James Fell bethinketh him of the treasure remaining concealed within the wall in Furness, and repaireth thither by night for to take away the same ; at which season was there a moon of a quarter old, more or less. And coming to the place in much fear and trembling, there falleth a cloud and darkness, so that he may not see what he should do. But after that cloud hath passed away, he looketh up and seeth the gallows there on high, and the body of Henry the monk (whom he had procured for to be hanged) swinging thereon in iron chains. Yet presently it seemeth to him that the same monk should come down to him from the gallows, all foul and grievous for to look upon, and make as he would lay hands on him, whereat he shrieketh sore, and falleth on a swoon. But when he waketh out of his trance it is light, and he beside the wall and the body in its place. Then he fleeth away, and seeketh no more

for that treasure ; but changeth his way of living, and prayeth apart, and repenteth him of the evil that he hath done. Yet for all this, he may not fare as other men, but wasteth both his person and his substance, and dieth shortly after with great anguish of mind and body.

And for a testimony of the truth hereof, it is well known that the said monk walketh by night nigh unto where that treasure was laid, and hath been seen of many. And none hath found that treasure by reason of the curse which hangeth thereby, nor ever may discover the same.

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The conclusion of my friend's narrative left me so deeply absorbed in my reflections upon the circumstances contained in it, and their immediate connexion with my own experiences, that I allowed him to pursue uninterruptedly his observations.

"You see," he said, "though all the principal incidents of the story are confirmed by history, there is still wanting an explanation of the individuality of the strange piece of gold which excited our explorer's cupidity. The dates and scenery are in accordance with the known history of the suppression of Furness Abbey, and the letter, written by Sussex to the King, is also to the same purpose as the original, contained in the Cottonian collection.\* We even know from an old chronicler† that a monk of Whalley was hanged there, in a field whose classical name may be freely translated as the 'Hanging Field;' and it is easy to believe that this may refer to a monk of Furness, in the suite of this Abbot of Whalley who was sent back to his native place to be hanged, as an example to all contumacious brethren."

"But what about the 'specimen' piece of gold?"

"That at least is easy," I replied, "for the part which this very coin plays in the story that I am about to give you, as I

\* Cleopatra, E. iv.

† Baker.

found it set down in black and white (or rather brown and yellow) amongst our National Records, whence, taking down the heads of the examinations cited, I wrote out the plot of the whole proceedings from memory, as is my wont—the extraordinary part which it assumes in the discovery of that very treasure, eighty years or more after it was buried by Abbot Roger, will amply suffice for the artistic requirements of your story.” Whereupon I produced my note-book, and read aloud the contents of six of its pages, to this purpose:—

*“Examinations taken at Ulverston, the 17th April, 1623, before John Preston, Robert Kirkby, and James Ander-ton, Esquires, His Majesty’s Commissioners appointed to enquire concerning the Treasure lately found in Furness, and concealed from His Majesty’s use, being Treasure Trove, within his Manor of Furness, parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster:—*

*“Examination and Confession of James Lindoe, labourer:*

“That whilst he was employed in pulling down an old wall in a field belonging to Widow Janson, working with William Janson, her son, he found a quantity of gold and silver in an old pewter pot; but how much it might amount to he cannot say. That he emptied the contents of the pot into his hat, with a view to conceal them, but his companion perceiving this manœuvre cried ‘Halves!’ and, snatching the hat, proceeded to stuff his pockets full of gold and silver. That they then agreed to meet at night in Widow Janson’s house, that their find might be equally divided; but in the meantime this witness confesses that he parted with six of the gold pieces—namely, with two to James Towers’ wife, who gave him 6*d.* for them; and with the other four to young John Ashburner, who gave him 12*d.* for them and some apples. That in the evening they met



at Mistress Janson's house, where they emptied their pockets on the table, and he received a half, Widow Janson keeping the other half herself. Witness, however, was already six pieces to the good on the whole transaction ; or 1s. 6d. and some apples in hand.

*“ Examination and Confession of William Janson,  
labourer :*

“ Confirms the last witness's statement, and says, further, that, when Lindoe had put his hat containing the bulk of the treasure into the fork of a tree, he saw Janet Towers put her hand secretly into the hat, but whether she took anything out he cannot depose.

*“ Examination and Confession of Helen Lindoe, widow :*

“ That on the day in question she heard a rumour that her son and young Janson had found gold, but, checking her curiosity, she waited till she was sent for at night to her neighbour Janson's house. As soon as she arrived, Mistress Janson called on her son and his companion to deliver up the gold that they had found, which they at once did, pulling it out of their pockets, and that thereupon Widow Janson arranged it into two equal heaps (as she declared), deducting first two pieces of gold for her trouble, and giving twenty pieces of gold and fifty of silver to witness, but artfully keeping twenty-one of gold and forty-nine of silver herself. Out of this share witness, like a good subject, gave eighteen pieces of gold to Mr. Thomas Rawlingson, his Majesty's bailiff of Furness, and the other two pieces to her son-in-law, but kept the silver, thinking it was not worth while to trouble his Majesty with it.

*“ Examination and Confession of Margaret Janson,  
widow :*

“ That her late husband exchanged a piece of land with one Thomas Fell for a field called ‘ The Hanging Field,’ and,

having sent her son and young Lindoe to 'kid up' an old stone wall therein, was bringing them their dinner, when she saw them in the distance hiding something in their pockets, which proved (on searching them) to be a quantity of gold and silver, *amongst which was one coin greater than all the rest, which had a cross on one side of it.* That in the evening Widow Lindoe walked in and claimed an equal division, which was made accordingly, only that she gave her neighbour what she believed to be twenty-one pieces of gold and forty-nine of silver, keeping only twenty of gold and fifty of silver for herself, and the gold she afterwards gave to Fell, through whom it came to the bailiff of Furness. The silver she kept, because she thought no one else would care to have it. Neither she nor any one else has seen or heard anything of the great piece of gold with the cross on it since that day.

*“ Examination and Confession of Thomas Fell,  
yeoman :*

“That he was not present when the treasure was found, but has seen the pot in which it was contained, an old rusty pot of lead or pewter, a quart pot or flagon, as he thinks, but there was no gold in it when he saw it. That he was at Ulverston on the day in question, where he heard a rumour that gold had been found in the field lately exchanged by him with the Jansons', whereupon he returned home at once, and at night widow Janson came to his house, and showed him two or three pieces of silver, which she said was the treasure found that day. But as he refused to believe such an improbable statement, she begged him to accompany her home. So he went to her house, and found there Widow Lindoe and her son, when he was told that the treasure had been already divided, but they would not say of what it consisted. Then witness told them that the proper way was to place it in the hands of an impartial person (such as himself), to be taken care of for them and

divided fairly, and that they might have confidence in him, which they refused to accede to, so he departed in displeasure, hinting that the King's bailiff should hear of the matter. That late the same night Widow Janson came to his house, and gave him twenty pieces of gold, which he accepted, meaning, of course, to deliver them to the King's officer ; but that he has none of them left now because a friend dropped in to see the treasure, and begged one piece for a short time as a curiosity, which he was allowed to take on depositing sixteen shillings for it ; and other friends coming in and taking the rest on deposit in the same manner, have all neglected to return them as they had promised to do. And that beyond these slight transactions he has had no finger in the business.

*“ Examination and Deposition of Thomas Senhouse,  
gent. :*

“That he was one day in the company of James Towers, who showed him a certain piece of gold, for which he offered him twenty-four shillings on the spot ; and that it was none of the rose nobles, but greater in weight and of a different coinage, having a great cross on one side.

*“ Examination and Confession of James Towers :*

“That his wife had a gold piece from young Lindoe for sixpence, and another for nothing. As to the story of the last witness, it is a gross fabrication, and he knows nothing of the matter.

*Examination and Confession of Janet Towers :*

“That she had two pieces from young Lindoe as has been related. And being pressed, she further confesses that after the find she went secretly to the place where the treasure had lain, and, searching there, found a great gold piece hidden in



the mould at the foot of the wall. That her husband exchanged the two former pieces, but this she kept herself.

*“ Examination and Deposition of Margaret Dodson :*

“ That her husband was shown a great piece of gold by Janet Towers, which he afterwards parted with to a stranger whom she had never seen before in those parts.”

As I concluded the reading of this abstract, my friend drew a long breath indicative of surprise and exultation combined ; but I calmly proceeded to dogmatize as follows upon the aspect of the whole case :—

“ There are two points to be noticed in this sequel to your legend which will assist us in our investigation of its meaning. The first is, the proved insincerity of one of the witnesses ; the second is, the accidental detection of the whole affair by the identification of a single coin. Thus it is clear that a strange piece, answering exactly to the description of the gold coin of the legend, was seen amongst the treasure immediately after its first discovery by the most clear-headed of all these witnesses, Widow Janson. Again, it is equally plain that this attractive coin disappeared soon after the find, and probably before the parties left the field. In connection with this we have young Janson's statement that he saw Janet Towers put her hand into the hat containing the treasure. According to the latter's own admission, she became possessed of a third piece of gold, which she alleged was found by her on the ground near the wall. Then we have Master Senhouse's deposition that he saw a strange piece with a cross upon it in the Towers' house, with the flat denial of James Towers that he ever showed this to the witness. From each of these circumstances we may easily conclude that Janet Towers really had the coin in question either by finding or stealing it, and that in trying to part with it on her own account she offered it to Senhouse, who out of a feeling

of delicacy, perhaps, for the lady's reputation, assigned her part in the transaction to her husband. At any rate one thing is clear, that the clandestine treaty for this particular piece was fatal to any advantage which the parties concerned might have reaped by the transaction. The bailiff had been "squared," and so had Fell been, who was the only malcontent, whilst the rest, being of the same social standing, might have been trusted to keep the secret amongst them. But Senhouse, a genteel person and an "outsider," being disappointed of his expected bargain, no doubt revealed the whole matter to some higher authority. This view of the case will, I added, sufficiently vindicate the curse attaching to the fatal treasure and the devil's sample of it in the shape of the great gold piece."

"But can you say of what coinage the latter really was?" inquired my friend.

"I think," replied I, "that it must have been one of the 'angels' coined in his new French possessions by Henry V., of very fine gold, and of the value of twenty-two shillings of the period. The distinctive name of this 'old angel' was the 'Salus,' and the device an angel ('Anglia') offering to the Virgin ('Francia'), and on the reverse a large cross. The other gold pieces were probably Henry VIII.'s sovereigns or nobles; and the silver coins, groats or testons."

"But who," he again asked, "was the mysterious stranger who eventually got possession of the great piece purloined, on your theory, by Mistress Towers?"

"That," I gravely answered, "is best known to himself—and to the lady!"

Then we smoked in silence, and presently separated for the night, when I dreamed the strangest dreams of mitred abbots with bags of gold, and lambent flames, and ghastly corpses, till the morrow dawned.

HUBERT HALL.

## A Talk about Cookery in the Time of Shakespeare.

IN a cottage garden beside one of the village lanes in pleasant Warwickshire, sat a man and his wife, resting after the toil of the day. Leaning on the man's shoulder, with her winning eyes looking straight into his, stood the daughter: a comely young woman of passing shapeliness, graceful figure, and sweet face.

"Not you, father! 'Tis not in your heart to do it! You will not—I know you will not—send Thomas Whittington away. What! he, who has been your faithful hind, your careful shepherd, so long! You will not, cannot do it, father. Come, tell me you will not."

She stooped more closely over him; pressed her cheek to his; and let her arch, smiling eyes brush their lashes against his weather-beaten brow.

The father glanced at his wife with a shy, relenting laugh, as he said: "It's of no use; I never can resist her. Our Anne hath a way with her, as I always say, that I must give way to. Be it as thou wilt, girl."

The girl darted off to carry the good news of reprieve; while her mother, laughing, replied:

"Well may'st thou say, Richard, that our Anne hath a way with her, since our name is Hathaway. 'Where there's a will there's a way,' is an old English adage; and when our Anne wills to have her will she hath a way, sure enough, to gain her will. Ay, ay! Anne will have her Will, that she will,—whoever lives to see it."

"Heaven send it be a rightful Will! And, then, God send it may crown her wish!" said the father.

"Had I my will," said his wife, "Anne should take the good



offer made by Mistress Gillian, and go learn fine cookery under her teaching at Charlcote. Though men-cooks are mostly employed in great houses such as Sir William Lucy's, yet women-cooks can always get a good place, when they're well skilled ; and 'twould be a sure livelihood for our Anne."

"Thou mean'st, a good cook can make good bread."

The wife dutifully laughed at her husband's jest ; then rejoined :

"I'd fain see our Anne able to earn her own living ; it makes a woman independent, and not hanker after marriage, when she can keep herself. See, yonder is Mistress Gillian, coming up the lane."

She stepped to the little garden-gate, and opened it, to welcome in her gossip, Mistress Gillian.

"Good den, Master Hathaway ! Fine ripening weather for the grain ! Yon corn-field looks a rich warm brown already ; like my fritters, when they frizzle in the pan, and turn to burnished gold."

"A deft hand hast thou, gossip, at tossing up a flap-jack, or giving a timely fling to t'other side of a frying fish, we know," was the rejoinder. "At veal-toasts or carbonadoes, there's not thine equal ; and as for pamperdy, hog-liver puddings, links, tansies, and kickshaws of all kinds, thou'rt a paragon."

"Nay, for that matter, my lady herself praises my sweet dishes ; custards, dowsets, leach-lombards, jumbals, suckets, both wet and dry, I'm more than a fair hand at ; and when the young folk come to dine, a rare feast I can make for them of juncates, jellies, many in colour, some spiced and richly sweetened ; confects compounded of quinces, pomegranates, or oranges, some with cream, some with sugar ; march-pane, marmalade, florentine, and sugar-bread ; besides I know not what else of dainty device for the sweet tooth of childhood."

"And for the sturdier appetite of manhood, methinks thou canst cater right well, Mistress Gillian," quoth Richard.

"I warrant me," said she complacently. "Sir William is pleased to commend the mode in which I send to table a worshipful boar's head, with lemon in mouth, or a stately sirloin of beef, stuck round with boughs and rosemary ; or roast to a turn the goodly haunches of red or fallow deer his own park supplies. And he avers my fashion of preparing young sucking pigs with dates and muscadine, and well stuffing them with richly seasoned puddings, is beyond praise."

"Thou rousest appetite but to speak of them, gossip."

"Ay ; 'tis a cook's proper office to tickle taste. She should know how to awaken fancy by describing her dishes well, to please the eye by presenting them well on the board, and to gratify the palate by their excellent savour in the eating," was the sententious reply. "Barn-door fowls, well-fed capons, turkeys, geese, all depend on careful roasting ; boiled mallards are capital, if simmered to due bubble-point ; a neat's tongue need be done to the just turn o' the spit, if roasted ; or to the nick of true seething, if boiled ; a chine of beef or a gammon of bacon is marred, an it be not tender ; and who would give three farthings for e'en the goodliest baron of beef that ever smoked before hungry guests were it not browned to perfection outside, yet done to a nicety throughout within ?"

"Well said, Mistress Gillian, thou'rt right ! The roast beef of Old England should have full justice done to it ever, in its cooking, as in its eating."

"Truly, for plain joints, nothing like rare cooking. It makes their true juiciness and good quality duly enjoyed ; but for dishes of quainter device, skill is lacked to make them worthy good judges. A shield of brawn with mustard is savoury fare, and asks some care in its compounding ; so do pies of divers kinds—as warden-pie, olive-pie, pippin-pie, mince-pie, and baked chewets ; but when you come to such a masterpiece of design as a red-herring o' horseback, which shows the likeness of a rider galloping over a green field, cunningly figured forth

by a corn salad, then, indeed, the craft of cookdom is finely denoted, and cannot be too highly lauded."

"And this craft thou wouldst give our daughter Anne a smack of, were we to get her consent to come and learn of thee at Charlcote!"

"Ay, would I, in good deed, neighbour. But wherefore say'st thou 'get her consent?' Surely no need to urge her to accept so fair an offer; most girls would think it the making of them."

"Sooth to say, gossip, 'most girls' might, and doubtless would; but our Anne is not like most girls. She cares but little for making money, for fine cookery, for smart clothes, for grand houses. She loves our quiet cottage, its pretty garden with gillyflowers and cabbages a-row. She's content with simple country fare—milk or cream with fruits and a manchet of bread for dainties—and at Christmas-tide can brew me a bowl of lamb's-wool, nutbrown ale, and roasted crab-apples, stirred with a sprig of rosemary, that might vie with e'er a wassail-brewage in all broad England. I fear me, Anne would scarce say 'Ay' to your offer."

"Canst thou not *make* her say 'Ay,' neighbour?"

"I care not to *make* her say or do aught she listeth not to say or do. Our Anne hath a way of her own, and a will of her own; and, for the most part, I let her go her own way and have her own will, since I find they make her happy. One way, indeed, I'd fain she would not go; and one will I fain she had not. But time enough to think of that."

"Nay, not so much, perchance. Anne is out of her teens, and 'tis high time she should think of settling in life. She's not yet married; you're not over rich; 'twere well some way of earning her living were thought of for her."

"Sooth to say, Anne seems not to care for marrying," said the mother.

"And yet I've heard some talk of a young fellow that cares for her, though," said Mistress Gillian.



“A young fellow?”

“Ay, the son of John Shakespeare over yonder, at Stratford-upon-Avon; a likely young chap to look at as ever I set eyes on.”

“Likely in looks, maybe; but how about likely to earn his bread—bread for a wife and children, as well as for himself? Master John Shakespeare was a well-to-do man once upon a time, and might have provided for his sons fairly enough; but of late years he’s had to mortgage his wife’s estate of Asbyes; and since then they’ve sold their landed property at Snitterfield; and, moreover, he couldn’t afford to pay poor-rates, and was suffered to pass untaxed. No, no; the son of such a man can’t expect much of a having in life. I fear me, cheat-bread, not cake-bread, will be his fare, and tap-lash (the very worst of small beer) his drink; and I don’t care for Anne to live upon cues and cees with him. Small pieces of bread and small measure of beer.”

“Marry, that’s true, neighbour; they do say ’tis long since Mistress Shakespeare has seen simnels of the finest wheaten flour on her board; and she’s fain to let a good big cob-loaf serve the turn of her hungry household, Arden-born though she was. A pestle of pork, a rask of mutton, a mouse of beef, by way of meat; soused gurnet, poor-john, tench (which is good for plaisters, but bad for eating), luce, and rochet, must be her fish on Fridays; and she can’t afford to think scorn of base game like check [nothing but small birds, such as rooks and sparrows], or common pan-puddings; speck and barley puddings, in manner of sweets—though I know the time when a round of powdered beef with brewis, a capon stewed in broth with marrow, or roast pullen with hackins, as meat; haberdine and umbrana, as fish; flawns, pulpatoons, and wafer-cakes, as sweets, were just good enough for her.”

“Troth, gossip, you know what ’longs to good cheer, and can speak of it as a sprack cook should.”

“By my fay, Master Hathaway, I’ll not deny it. When lately Sir William had as a visitor a spruce picked fopling, just come from his travels abroad, who could fancy nothing less rare and costly than caviare, anchovies, and botargoes for his bever, his orndern, his bouch, or his nunchion (as he variously styled it), washed down with dele-wine, back-rack, charneco, sack, hippocras, or cherally ; who was not contented with our good old hour of eleven, but must needs dine as late as twelve at noon ; who used a fork at meals and a toothpick after them, with other new-fangled fashions of the sort—I warrant it was not a cast beyond the moon for me to furnish the board as he wished. And when, before that, a fellow who had spent a roystering life in London, but who had been a college chum of Sir William’s, came to see him, and could drink nothing weaker than dagger-ale, double-beer, huffcap, hum, nippitatum, and stum, and favoured nothing less stinging than dagger-pie and dagger-furmety, I sauced him with baked meats, fire-hot with spices, and brewed him a bowl of rambooz [I make it with eggs, ale, wine, and sugar, generally ; but in summer, with milk, wine, sugar, and rose-water] that would have done honour to any college in Christendom or to any University in the ’varsal world. I did it with a wet finger, as the saying is, and showed him that a Charlcote cook knew his swasher’s strong drinks and high-seasoned dishes as well as though she had been born between Pudding Lane and Pie Corner, and been bred in Ram Alley. But where’s good mistress Anne ? While I’m here I could tell her the way to get a light coffin for a custard or a pasty, or teach her to make a March-pane tower worthy to be shot at and battered down with sugar-plums by any gentry in the land. To compound a passing good March-pane, ye need spare no pains. First, ye must take two pounds of almonds, blanched and dried in a sieve over the fire, then beaten in a stone mortar, then mixed with two pounds of bruised sugar, adding two or three spoonfuls of rose-water, to

keep your almonds from oiling. When your paste is beaten fine, drive it thin with a rolling-pin, and lay it on a bottom of wafers; then raise up a little edge on the side, and so bake it. Then ice it with rose-water and sugar; then put it in the oven again; and when you see your ice is risen up and dry, take it out of the oven and garnish it with pretty conceits—as birds and beasts cut out of standing-moulds. Then stick long comfits upright in it, cast biscuit and carroways in it, and, lastly, gild it before you serve it. I could tell her how to make kissing-comfits, too; though a sweet breath like mistress Anne's lacks no such sweetness, I warrant me; still, young maids should know how to compound 'em; and if she take half-a-pound of best bruised sugar, put into it two grains of musk, a grain of civet, two grains of ambergris, and a thimbleful of white orris powder; beat all these with gum-dragon, steeped in rose-water; then roll it as thin as she can, and cut it into little lozenges; then stow them in a warm oven; and, lastly, box them up and keep them by her a year, she'll have rare ones, fit to offer a queen or a king, or even a sweetheart. But if she's rather for learning first more useful fare, I could give her my famous receipt for composing a strong broth or cullis, that would cure one far gone in consumption, if taken daily, fasting and going to bed."

"Ay, indeed, gossip? That were well worth the knowing at once, methinks," said Mistress Hathaway.

"Good sooth, and 'tis, gossip. Well, you take a young cock or capon, cut him in quarters, and bruise all his bones; then take the roots of fennel, parsley, and hiccory, violet leaves and borage. Put him into an earthen pot for stewing meats in, and between every quarter lay some of the roots and herbs, corianders, whole mace, anise seeds, liquorice scraped and sliced, so filling up the pot. Then put in half a pint of rose-water, a quart or more of white wine, two or three dates made clean and cut in pieces, a few prunes and raisins of the sun (and if you put in



certain pieces of gold, it will be the better, and they never the worse); and so cover it close, and stop it with dough, and set the pot in seething water, and let it seeth gently for the space of twelve hours, with a good fire kept still under the brass pot that it standeth in, and the pot kept with liquor so long. When it hath stilled so many hours, take out the earthen pot, open it, strain out the broth into some clean vessel, and give some to the sick person morning and evening, as I said, warmed and spiced as best pleaseth the taste."

"On my word, Mistress Gillian, a potent cullis! and one that, sick or well, a man might be glad to swallow as a savoury jelly," quoth Richard Hathaway.

"Nay, when thou'rt in health, neighbour, something more substantial would be more befitting. By my [halidom, a lombard pie, now; that I could give Mistress Anne more than an inkling of; how to make it of veal or lamb, high-seasoned, minced finely with beef suet, and rolled up in the cauls of veal in the form of hackins or sausages, ere putting into the pie, or, as we say, confining in the paste. But why is she not here to profit by all this good teaching?"

"She went forth but now; she'll soon be back, I warrant. Meantime, good Mistress Gillian, my wife will spread us a reresupper beneath the trees, and we'll have some fruit and cream and manchets ere you go."

But no Anne returned till stars were in the sky. She had seen a youth of some eighteen summers coming up the lane, his face and figure in the full golden halo of the sunlight, which seemed to form a glory round him as he came forward, and she flew to meet him with the words:

"Will, dear Will! My own dearest Will!"

Then the lovers turned, and went down the embowered lane together.

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

## Memories in Music.

IN saying a few words for music as a means of brightening daily life and giving rest and sunshine to the weary spirit, I shall at present speak only of a small part of a large subject—of that particular enjoyment which music gives, as recalling past joys and scenes of pleasure with which some song or piece has become associated, and bringing them back in all their original freshness and vividness to our minds. It has often been remarked that there are two separate pleasures in gazing at a beautiful scene or flower ; one arising from a keen sense of its intrinsic beauties—from an accurate artistic perception, and the other from the thoughts and imaginings which the sight of it suggests. Although the same man generally has some measure of both these enjoyments, they are nevertheless distinct, and an intense imaginative pleasure may exist in company with very inaccurate artistic appreciation. And so, too, in music there are two separate sources of pleasure—the keen appreciation of its harmonies, and the pleasures of memory and association which from its connexion with past scenes of our life and past stages in our history it may abundantly yield. And whereas comparatively few have the delicacy of organization required for the full enjoyment of the former of these two attractions, the latter appeals to all or nearly all. Hence, as it seems to me, arises the very widespread influence which music should have in brightening the lives of the people ; and it is from this point of view that I shall here look at it.

“There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,  
The earth and every common sight  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream !”

Here is the account which the poet gives of the intensity, the enthralling nature, of the joys of childhood—the absolute happiness in a summer's day, in bright scenery, in his first stage-play, in his Christmas presents, which a child has; such happiness, so pure, so intense, and so unmixed that it is looked upon by him who can vividly recall it to mind as a sort of foretaste of the joys of immortality. These feelings are gone for ever, as normal states of mind, before manhood is reached, and the highest claim I can make for music—and I do make it—is that it may at moments bring them back just as we knew them of old, utterly unlike in kind to any of the accustomed sensations of maturer life.

From what I have said it will be evident that I am insisting not so much on the power of music to recall to our minds scenes and events which we had forgotten—although doubtless it has this power also—but rather on the assistance it gives in lighting up in all its original vividness much that, whether remembered or not, had lost for us all its life and reality. Take, for example, some of the memories of Catholic school life. The Downside boy—to give an instance which comes home to the present writer—certainly does not forget that he was accustomed to go home every year for his holidays, and that going-home day was a very merry and happy day. But let him hear Zingarelli's "Laudate Pueri," which was always sung just before going home, and (to make it more complete) let him hear it sung by some one who used to sing it in his schoolboy days, and his memory becomes quite different in kind. What had been faint and dead becomes vivid and full of life. He feels as though it *were* going-home day. All the complex sensations of regret at leaving his old college even for a time, of bright expectation of holiday joys and home faces, of gratefulness for little quarrels set right before school breaks up that none may part bad friends, and many other feelings connected with persons and places, too subtle and too numerous



for description, come back to him on the wings of the music, and make the thought of the old going-home day something that is hardly a past memory at all, but more like a living present fact.\* Music seems, indeed, in such matters to annihilate time, and to give to an event a sort of eternal existence. The melodies which have marked some great church-festival year after year—the *Sacris Sollemnibus* for Corpus Christi, the Gregorian Passion Music for Palm Sunday, the *Exultet* for Holy Saturday—the last day of Passiontide and the prelude to Easter—seem in a mysterious way to merge the past into the present. When Holy Saturday arrives, and the *Exultet* is sung and the Paschal candle blessed, there are many who feel that it is only a part of the one great Holy Saturday, ever present to God Who knows no time or succession, and made by this magic power of memory in music in some sense ever present to us. The beautiful thoughts which the Church has been accustomed to set before us on that day, and the emotions which they formerly aroused, have been stored up by the music, and when it is heard again it brings back to us not a mere recollection of the past, but all those feelings themselves unchanged, and the same in essence, linking all that has marked Holy Saturdays in times gone by with the present feast, joining the living with the dead, the old with their past selves, the Church of to-day with the Church of all ages. It will perhaps express this special power of music clearly to compare it to a “phonograph.” The “phonograph” stores up all the sounds it receives, not by means of artificial symbols, as letters or words, which enable him who looks at them to make a rough copy of the sounds as they were originally uttered, but necessarily omit the mannerisms, peculiar intona-

\* The present writer can never hear the “Laudate” without thinking of Coxhead Sunday and the new clothes—an allusion which he relegates to a foot-note, as being intelligible only to the initiated, that is, to a Downside boy.

tion, delicate inflections of the speaker ; but by registering the actual living sounds themselves, so that they can afterwards be reproduced with all the delicacy and significance of their original utterance. So, too, music preserves the past not in outline only, as mere memory does, but filled in with the whole emotional and imaginative colouring which distinguishes what one lives through oneself, from the dry record of it as another might read it. Or rather, I should say that music stores up the emotional and imaginative feelings themselves, and reproduces them in after-time to colour a remembered scene, being not always able to bring back the scene itself. This is shown in the vague feelings which are often wrought in us by music heard formerly in eventful times, which we are frequently unable to connect with distinct events—those events being forgotten but the feelings which they aroused faithfully preserved. A curious instance of this happened lately to the present writer, which presented also this additional characteristic, that the emotional association of the music was so strong in him, that he could not recognize the original character of the piece at all. It was a simple but very charming air which forms the principal theme of the *finale* of one of Haydn's Symphonies. The writer felt, when listening to it, that it conveyed to him suggestions of a wild and terrible scene, and then of deep pathos and regret, parallel to what a sensitive reader feels when he comes to the tragic end of some interesting novel. All of this seemed so unlike and so far beyond the ordinary effect of Haydn's joyous and bright compositions that he asked a companion, one of much the same tastes in music as himself, if the melody in question impressed him as having anything wild or pathetic about it, and he replied by ridiculing the idea. After some reflection the writer called to mind the circumstances under which he had first heard it, and these supplied the clue to its present effect. He had heard it when quite a child ; and while it was being played on the

pianoforte he was reading, with all the vivid dramatic realization of earliest life, the account of Nancy's murder in "Oliver Twist." The feelings which this reading had aroused had been preserved in the melody, the "phonograph," though the scene itself was forgotten, and back they came almost as fresh as ever when it was heard again.

This power of music is no doubt, as I have said, one cause of the very wide class of persons experiencing delight in it. Contrast, for example, the number of those who can gladden their hearts by looking at beautiful pictures with that of the lovers of music, and the latter will be found beyond all measure to exceed the former. And yet it is by no means clear that keen musical perception is a commoner gift than a keen eye for the sister art. The reason of its wider popularity seems to lie in what I have been speaking of—the far stronger element of association in music, which appeals to very many who are unable to appreciate the subtlety and refinement of its harmonies, but who bear away from the hearing of it only the beauty and poetry of the tale of the past which it has to tell. Perhaps an instance of this which will come home to most readers is one which I have alluded to above—the memories of schoolboy life, if that life has been a happy one. Many of us have witnessed the spectacle of several "old boys" who were at school together, talking over "old times" in the presence of one in whom the magic memories do not exist. A story is told of some commonplace achievement, of the ordinary type of such things in school-life, perhaps some narrow escape from a master. The events, quite uninteresting in themselves, are vividly retailed—what Dick Dowlas said, and what Harry Higgins replied. The "old boys" are quite enthralled. "Dick Dowlas heard the master coming, and got under Harrington's table," the narrator says. The "old boys" roar with laughter. "Harry Higgins said he'd be blowed before he'd give himself the cramp for any one, and stood stock still in the corner, between Harrington's bookcase and the wall."



Here there is great laughter again. "Then in came old Davison and began to sniff about the room"—and so forth. And while all this is being told, the unfortunate outsider is attempting to smile and to keep in harmony with his company, but is in reality bored to death, and can't for the life of him see what there is to laugh at. And no wonder. What does he know of Dick Dowlas's long and awkward form, and of his pompousness of manner? Of fat little Harry Higgins, who walked about habitually with his hands in his pockets, and would never "put himself out" for any one? Of old Davison, the head-master, with his long red nose—"snuffy Davison"? Of Harrington's study—historic room? Of all the fun they had there? or of Harrington himself—whose presence haunts the room—most genial and humorous of boys? Every name, every place, every action, is charged with memories which start into existence at each fresh fact, and make the dullest details full of life and interest; and it is all part of a real past, never to come again, a fact giving the whole thing that touch of tenderness and pathos which completes its charm.

Now all these memories, which the sight of old faces and converse about the past bring back, will often be conveyed with startling vividness, without the sight of an old face, or talking about the past, by a melody which was familiar enough to gather into itself the scenes and thoughts of schooldays. The hymns that were chanted in chapel, the songs that were habitually sung at the feast-days and merry-makings at school, will bring a keener and tenderer memory of past joys and old friends than anything else; and you may often puzzle another, just as the schoolboy story would puzzle him who is a stranger to its associations, by the deep and indescribable effect which may, in a moment, be produced in you by a melody, in itself commonplace, which has stored within it a treasure of past faces and feelings which he cannot see.

Any reader who is at all sensitive to music must, in some

shape or other, have experienced this, whether in reference to his early life at school or to later events. And the strangeness—we might almost say, the mysteriousness—of the feeling aroused in such cases may be in part due to this—that an object has become by degrees and in course of time associated with many thoughts and feelings, and that music which has entwined itself with everything connected with it will bring, all at once, the varied feelings which were originally successive and separated by intervals. Some melody may recall an old college chum. Perhaps it is a song he used to sing. He sang it often, and under different circumstances, and it is bound up with all our connexion with him. There were merry days and dull days, quarrels and makings-up, the pleasures of cricket and conversation, the excitement of dangers shared in common—the thrilling but not very fatal dangers of school-boy life ; and, lastly, some years ago, we heard of his death. The feelings proper to these varied events have all become blended in the music which reminds one of him, and render its effect very hard to describe, as being a compound of emotions different and even opposite in kind. So, too—to take an instance which may belong to later life—concerted music, performed frequently by the same persons, gathers into itself the memory not only of the persons themselves, but of the circumstances under which it was performed. The keen pleasure of emulation, the delight of singing or playing in company with those whose enthusiasm and genius lighted up to its utmost whatever of musical power and perception we had ourselves, imparted a brightness, a halo, to certain pieces which they can never lose ; and the scene of the rehearsals, the events which marked them, the characteristics of the members of the coterie, are all gathered in by some part of the music habitually performed, and we cannot hear any of it henceforth as a piece without a history, to be judged on its own merits. Even though in some cases our taste may have so far changed in later life

as to account some such piece trivial in itself, we cannot be indifferent to it, or afford to dispense with it, for it has locked up in its keeping faces and thoughts which we would fain bring back again, and which we cannot picture in any plainness of outline without its aid.

It is not to be supposed, however, that all the pleasure which we derive from memories in music consists in the distinct and definite scenes which it recalls to our mind. On the contrary, although certain melodies, which have bound themselves very closely, by constant association, to particular past scenes, have this definite and vivid effect of reproduction, in the majority of cases, the associations which colour a particular piece for us come not in all completeness of outline, but by snatches—a face, a momentary glimpse at a scene of the past, or still more often a keen feeling by itself, bound up with some memory which the music has stored up, but of which the details have partly or even wholly escaped. How much of our enjoyment is due to such associations it is quite impossible to determine; nor does the listener care to analyze his sources of pleasure, feeling that the cold taking to pieces of the elements of his joy may have a result similar to that of the complete dissection of a living body—that its life would depart. Again, disenchantment would be inevitable, parallel to that which comes upon him who is curious to go behind the scenes at the play and see how its realistic effects are produced. Memories vague or distinct multiply and grow into music, in the course of life, much as the lessons of experience leave their mark on our mind. In both cases they are far too numerous and subtle for full investigation, and have their effect by a law of Nature which resents close scrutiny into its operation. The effect of experience is to give sound practical judgment, from the sense acquired by past failure and success in all their different degrees, as to what can be done and what cannot—an effect imparting a new perception to the mind, felt in its operation,



but incapable of being explained or described, and often eluding all power of observation as to where the particular set of experiences which guide the judgment in this or that matter were acquired, or even as to what those experiences precisely were. And, similarly, the effect of the store of memories gleaned in by music is, while we listen to it, to give the present time a deep and mysterious connexion for us with the past, a connexion felt as a whole—in emotions reaching far back, and half-glimpses at old scenes, and in frames of mind outside the range of our present habits and susceptibilities, but often—nay, generally—outstripping in its details the power of accurate identification as to where such a feeling or mood was picked up by the music, or to what circumstances or period of life it originally belonged.

And it is, no doubt, this lifelong overgrowth of association which gives for old men a charm to familiar tunes which new compositions, however great and intrinsically beautiful, can never possess. The old opera-goer delights still in the “Barbieri” or in “La Sonnambula,” and wants nothing better. He will sometimes surprise his youthful companion by the rapt attention and delight with which he watches the scenes and takes in the music, after professing a day or two previously, when listening to a masterpiece by Wagner, that his sense of enjoyment has grown old, and that he cannot appreciate it. But the real fact is that, in hearing and seeing the “Barbieri,” the two men are in the presence of different things. To the one it is merely the “Barbieri,” with its sparkling but trivial music, fairly performed; to the other it is the opera which has been associated with a hundred happy nights and fifty well-known faces now gone for ever—all invested with the halo of the sacred past. Almaviva is not Signor Smith, who omits half the *roulades* and has but an indifferent voice; he is alternately Rubini with his marvellous *agilità*, and Mario with his princely bearing and exquisite voice. Bartolo’s jokes may be commonplace, but they

recall the huge Lablache, with his humorous face, his enormous bass voice, and the high D that used to be heard (tradition says) in the Haymarket Theatre. Figaro is Tamburini, and Tamburini is the unrivalled Don Giovanni; and those who have heard Tamburini as Don Giovanni cannot talk about him soberly. And though, no doubt, there is to the old opera-goer the contrast between the present degenerate performance and that of his youth, still the element of criticism which this provokes is far from destroying the pleasure of early memories—nay, it in some sort enhances them; as any defect which a closer knowledge of the opera may disclose, is attributed to the present interpreters, and the “Barbiere,” as it is in itself, and as it was once performed, is enabled, by contrast, as a bright picture with a dull background, to stand forth in yet greater perfection and glory.

Music has likewise this specialty, that, over and above the associations bound up with one melody or another, the general effect of any music whatever is to bring forward from their hiding-place such motives for joy as each individual may have within his reach. It brightens one's view of life—it helps one to detect the sunshine through the clouds. The man of business, who has for months been in anxiety about the depression of trade, who has found his partner false, and is in danger of absolute ruin, in whom the steady wear of anxious days and half-sleepless nights has wrought a hardness and gloominess which make him insensible to pleasure and apparently incapable of joy, will now and again be touched by thoughts that music will arouse in him, and led to realize that he has a devoted wife and loving children, and that he may live for them and in their love, even though his position be lowered and his money lost. The gates of sympathy are unlocked, and the hard, monotonous, fixed idea of ruin which had so long paralyzed his affections is moved, and gives place to thoughts of tenderness and love. Not but what he already possessed these

motives for thankfulness, but they were hidden deep within him and unable to affect him, to make their way to the surface, to cast aside the dead-weight of anxiety and depression which overmastered them. Music brought them forth from their hiding-place, set them free, and gave them fair-play.

What we have just been saying suggests the answer to a question which will naturally arise in connexion with our theme. If, it will be asked, music entwines itself so closely with feelings of the past as to bring them back in almost all their original vividness, how is it to be considered as entirely or even mainly a source of gladness? Are there not painful feelings as well as joyous? Nay, are not the former the strongest and most numerous in the past history of many? Is not life for many a succession of pain and relief, labour and rest, with but little joy save the negative pleasure of rest from labour or cessation of pain? For such a one surely music, from its very power of registering past feeling, will be a source of pain rather than of pleasure. Now, apart from any full explanation as to *why* it is so, it is, I think, a matter of fact that music deals very kindly with us in this respect. No doubt it occasionally happens that some melody may from its associations give so keen a sense of regret—for one who was dear and is gone, or for an irreparable past—as to make its effect really and deeply painful. But this is very rare. More generally it finds an element of tenderness even in regret, and conveys that to the listener, without forcing upon him the bitter sense of hard fact which was predominant in the feeling as it existed at first. At least, in the case of a remembrance of those who are gone, after the first keen sense of loss has become dulled by lapse of time, music which recalls such to our memory gives pleasure rather than pain—gives us some feeling of their presence rather than speaks of their absence. This seems parallel to the thought of the



graceful lyrical poet who writes thus of memory of the absent :—

“ Long, long be my mind with such memories filled,  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled ;  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

And in the case of music it seems partly to arise from what we have already noted, that it tends to idealize and gladden the *present*, and singles out the sweeter elements of our very sorrows, assimilating to itself and preserving them rather than the deeper and harsher essence of those sorrows, and consequently it brings back naturally that which it has preserved, and to some extent created.

I say, then, that music may be and should be a most potent means of gladdening the lives of our people. Nay, it is so, so far as they have facilities for its enjoyment. But when we reflect *how* powerful its effect is in bringing forth from within us those feelings which are best and noblest, in sanctifying the past, in filling the mind with a sense of what is beautiful in daily life, and so giving us some support in our endurance of the petty trials, the toil, the worry of one sort or another which few escape, we shall perhaps endeavour to do more towards placing its enjoyment in reach of the masses of our people. Music acts in its measure like personal devotion or love. Jacob worked seven years to win Rachel, and he felt them not because of the greatness of his love. And so, too, when we have that keen sense of what is gracious in life, of past joys, of all that we should be thankful for in the present, of hope for the future, which music does so much to stimulate, work or trouble of any kind, whether it be the ploughing of a field or the soothing of a cross-grained and thankless helpmate, becomes easier and more tolerable. There are always two aspects to human existence, the material and literal side of

suffering and irksome labour, bodily or mental, including "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," "the heartache and the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to;" and the spiritual side, which is concerned with all that is beautiful, noble, and ideal, which looks above what is immediate and beyond the surface of facts, which is in some sort connected with man's highest end. Music and other kindred influences may lead the mind to dwell in the latter rather than in the former. If a man is climbing to the top of a mountain, thence to behold the beauties of a magnificent landscape, two courses are open to him as he climbs. He may either look constantly at the roughness of the path, grumble at the loose stones, think of the soreness of his feet, find fault with the kind shepherd who has cut the path for the benefit of travellers, because he has not done his work better; or he may, on the other hand, look at the loveliness of the view he commands, note with pleasure how it becomes more varied and beautiful after each quarter of an hour's hard work has taken him up higher and widened the range of his vision, gaze longingly at the summit, thinking no toil too great for the enjoyment of the glorious scene which he is led to look for at the end of his ascent, by the beautiful glimpses which are visible to him, and brighten his path as he climbs. And if he goes to work thus cheerily, thinking of what is to be gained rather than of his difficulty in gaining it, that very difficulty will be lightened a hundredfold. He will not get rid of the loose stones, he will not mend the road, he will not make his boots stronger nor his feet tougher, but he will have that in his mind and heart which will raise him above all these things. They will not affect or touch him. And so, I say, one who by music and other spiritualizing influences raises his mind and heart beyond his daily toil and anxieties to the thought of what is noble and beautiful in life and beyond it, will find that toil and those cares sweetened and softened in

their effect on him. He will renew his strength and spirit by glimpses at the better world, the land of hope. And it is not, I think, straining the parallel to complete it by saying that music may give him in a passing moment of purest joy some faint foreshadowing of the true spiritual end and glory of man—of the splendour of the view from the top of the mountain ; and this will impart a zest to his labour, will urge him to do his duty manfully, picturing what is in store for him when he shall have reached the summit ; how he shall there possess for a long day of perfect rest his fill of that gladness of which one moment thrilled the very inmost depths of his nature. Music has, indeed, ever been the symbol used by the Fathers of the Church for the joy of the blest, and we cannot better bring our remarks to a close than by reminding our readers of a beautiful passage, often but never too often quoted, from one of Cardinal Newman's University Sermons, in which he gives expression to the belief which is irresistibly borne in upon us, that those strains which we have seen to have so mysterious a power of keeping the past ever present, are, indeed, echoes from the throne of Him to Whom past, present, and to come are as one ; that they are sounds whose import we shall fully recognize only hereafter in our heavenly home, and in the long rest of eternity. "Is it possible," he asks, "that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes ? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself ? It is not so ; it cannot be. No ; they have escaped from some higher sphere ; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound ; they are echoes



from our home ; they are the voices of angels, or the magnificat of saints, or the living laws of Divine governance, or the Divine attributes, something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

WILFRID WARD.

## Sonnet

*To a friend, on hearing him say of a young lady that "he saw nothing  
in her."*

ON Earth is stretched a winding sheet of snow.  
No green, no grey, no yellow paints the ground.  
All forms are blunt, and muffled is all sound.  
The stream is still—its heart is burdened so.  
But now the Sun comes forth with might, and lo!  
He rends the veil wherein Earth's limbs are wound.  
Her loveliness he liberates. He has found  
Where all her wild things run, her wild flowers grow.

And when thy love, as 'twere the Sun, doth smite  
On maidenhood's monotony of white,  
There's magic melting. And—at last revealed—  
Thy lady's treasures leap into thy sight :  
Herbs for thy healing ; fruit for thy delight ;  
A river loosened ; and fresh field on field.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

## A Haunted House.

I WENT to live in Cheltenham in the January of the year 1874. The house I took was in a row, and in one of the best known and most central parts of the place. There was nothing singular in its appearance: the look of gloom and neglect which it at first presented being easily enough explained by the fact that it had been unoccupied for a few months.

Nevertheless, on the first and every other night of my residence in it, I heard extraordinary noises; noises as of some one running up and down stairs; crashing sounds as if heavy substances were falling; and, night after night, distinct talking in the bedroom next my own. At first I reproved my two children who occupied this room for talking so late; but they always said that they must have been fast asleep.

Days went on, and I often stood on the landing in the dead of night listening to these strange noises, and filled with apprehensions about burglars. We were all women and children in the house; and burglars were for weeks my only dread.

The strange sounds were not at first heard by any one except myself. I often asked the maid, who came to my room in the morning: "Did you not hear those extraordinary noises in the night?" and was always assured that she did not. One night I was lying awake, when I distinctly saw a figure standing by my bed. A night-light was burning in my room; but before I could see whether the form was that of a man or a woman, the light went suddenly out. I exclaimed, "Who's there?" and rang my bell; but no one heard the bell, and I calmed myself enough in a few minutes to strike a light. I tried my door and found it was shut, just as I had left it when I went to bed. It was between two and three in the morning,



and I can be sure I had not slept at all, from the fact that, on looking at my watch, I thought it ~~was~~ two, then, that the hall clock struck last. My nightlight had not burned out; there was enough left to have lasted the usual time. I was surprised and agitated; but not sorry to find that I had not disturbed my children and the servants, and I determined not to ring again. At daybreak that morning there were the old crashing sounds I had heard so often; but the other noises had not been so loud during the night. One morning, not long afterwards, I noticed how ill the servant looked when she came to my room. In reply to my inquiry, she said "No, she was not ill;" she "did not feel quite well, but it was nothing." However, she looked wretchedly ill all day, just as any one looks who has had bad news or been frightened.

We were now in the spring, with long bright evenings. I was getting so accustomed to the noises in the house that I had ceased to pay much attention to them; when, one evening between eight and nine, when my youngest girl was upstairs getting ready for bed, and the maid in the room with her, the child suddenly ran into the drawing-room, crying out, "Oh, mother, do come upstairs, there are such noises in our room!" Turning round to speak, I saw the look of terror in her face, and I went upstairs with her as quickly as possible. Surely enough, as I went into the room, I distinctly heard loud raps on the walls, and loud whisperings in the room. The maid was standing speechless with fear. "How long has this been going on?" I asked. "For about half an hour," she said; "but I did not like to say anything till Miss Mary begged me not to make such a noise, and I said, 'I am making no noise, Miss.' Miss Mary then ran down to you, ma'am." "Have you heard these noises before?" "Yes, I have, often lately; just about this time, when I have been putting Miss Mary to bed." After I came into the room the raps grew louder, and the whispers increased, and the talking I had so often heard. I

sent the maid downstairs, and stayed with my child till she fell asleep, and for some little time after ; the raps going on at intervals all the time, and growing louder after the child was asleep. The talking, too, was most unmistakable, as if two persons were in conversation together ; and on that night, and several others, it assumed a tone of entreaty. By-and-by I went downstairs, as it was time to have the house fastened up for the night. But I saw by the maid's frightened looks that it would have been cruel to make her sleep in her own room. She looked exactly as she did on the day when I had been so struck by her strange appearance ; and when I now asked her why she was so terrified at the raps, she answered, " The house is haunted, ma'am. I know it is, I have seen something. It is a haunted house." I tried to reassure her, and finally promised that she should spend the night in my own room. My eldest girl also said she would rather be with me ; though she had treated it all as a joke for a considerable time, and thought, as I did myself, that it might be some mischievous tricks of the next door neighbours. My youngest child I also brought into my room.

The walls of my room did not communicate with the next house—the only one joined to ours—in any way. All that night the raps at the head of my bed were very loud and distinct, and the talking went on almost continuously ; while towards daybreak the crashing sounds were louder than I had ever heard them ; my room literally shook and vibrated, and I was rocked in my bed as if by an earthquake.

The next morning, I insisted on my maid telling me what she had previously seen ; she seemed afraid I should think her silly, but at last, after a good deal of hesitation, she said : ' You remember, ma'am, asking me one morning if I was ill ? That night I had been dreadfully frightened. I was lying on my side with my face to the door, when I felt as if I was being pulled round to face the spare bed in the room, and on it was kneeling a girl, looking as if she was crying. There was a

bright light all round her, and she stayed there for what seemed to me about five minutes, and then faded away. I tried to jump out of bed, but I could not. At dawn I got up, and I felt very ill all day from the fright." Shortly before this, a servant had left me, giving no reason beyond an idle excuse about her health. My maid now explained it all by saying, "Ann told me she could not stay in this house, there was a reason why she could not, though she would have liked to stay, and was not really too ill to do her work, but she would not stay in this house." Nor could I ever get another servant in her place.

Finding that my children and the maid did not like to be away from me at night, I arranged that we should all sleep in the children's room, the largest in the house, and use the other rooms as dressing-rooms. This was, of course, a most uncomfortable state of things, but there was no help for it. I was very sleepless and very wakeful, and for the greater part of every night I heard the loud raps and the talking. Sometimes, too, I heard sounds of moaning. All this time I never felt the least fear, but I was very anxious on account of my youngest child, and on account of the maid who seemed likely to be frightened into an illness. Some friends took my youngest girl away to their house from time to time, to take her thoughts from the noises. Our next-door neighbours went away, but still the raps and the talking went on. One evening in May, my eldest girl became for the first time seriously alarmed. I had gone to see some friends, and was just about to return home, when a scrap of paper in my daughter's writing was brought to me. "Please come home, mother. Your bedroom bell has been ringing loudly with no one near it." The house was near, and I was soon at the door. It was opened by my eldest girl in sad agitation, and the maid was behind her in a distressing state of terror.

All that night the noises were fearful. From room to room,



and up the staircase, the raps pursued us. We used the back dining-room, or "study," as a kind of pantry. In this room I told the servant to take her supper that evening. She had scarcely sat down, when she rushed back and almost fell into the dining-room, gasping out, as well as she could, "The raps are over my head, on the ceiling!" And it was true. Things had now become unbearable. As soon as I could I left the house, the noises going on until the end.

The apparition seen by the maid, whom I always found truthful, may have been only a dream. As for the mysterious bell-ringing, not only the maid heard it, but my eldest daughter too. All the rest that is here recorded I saw and heard myself; and I have written down the facts exactly as they occurred.

*[Nine years have passed since these things occurred. The younger daughter of the lady who then made a record of them is now grown up, and she has supplied us with the following supplement to her mother's narrative.]*

For months before the night on which I ran downstairs in a fright I had gone to sleep with my fingers in my ears, to shut out the horrible whisperings and rappings at the head of my bed. My sister always teased me for being afraid of ghosts; but, one night, she herself got really frightened. She was standing by my bed, and mother and the maid were talking outside in the passage, when I heard something under my bed, and asked my sister to look. She laughed, and said it was nothing; but, while she looked, about a dozen black creatures, like toads, only with horns and a tail, came out from under the bed, and ran over my sister's foot and across the room, disappearing down the wainscot, to return no more. Again, the very next night, my sister and I were alone in this room, when we both saw a figure gliding along. It was about the height of our mother, and, in the dusk, we both thought it was she, and said, "What are you gliding like that for, mother?" She was

outside, and, hearing herself called, came in ; but she had not before been in the room. The maid was afraid to go about the house alone at night, so my sister or myself always went upstairs with her. One night my sister was with her, when they were suddenly stopped in the middle of the staircase. They could not move hand or foot, or speak, or even look at each other. Their candle was blown out by some invisible power, and they remained for about five minutes in the dark, not able to go upstairs or down, but hearing fiendish laughing all the time. This went on for several nights, till at last my sister said : "Go instead of me to-night, Mary ; let us see if you will be stopped in the same way." I went, and we *were* stopped. On another night, when I went with the maid into her room, there was a bright light all round the window, and while we were looking at this, the figure of a girl—the same that she had seen before—floated in through the window, and knelt down on the bed, crying bitterly, until, in a few minutes, she seemed to fade away. Finally, we saw, several times at dusk, in the garden of the next house (which was then uninhabited), the figure of a girl digging ; and she was the same girl whom we saw in the maid's room.

## Reviews and Views.

MR. RUSKIN'S periodical publications have become more frequent of late, while he has been steadily running his Oxford course of lectures; and the vigour of which this fact is a sign has further testimony in the renewed strength of all his recent work. The zigzag ways of sequence in his thoughts and subjects has been altogether given up; he no longer pursues a swift's flight or a bat's, but keeps a steady course on a strong wing, soaring high, or taking the wide range of David's doves. It is perhaps in the close of his lecture on "The Outcast School of English Landscape," that his peculiar power—the moral power which is even stronger in him than his art, intenser than his love of Nature, brighter than his gaiety—shows most strikingly. It is in the strength of his strongest impulses—the impulses towards goodness—that he appeals to his young hearers to fly from the false imaginations of pride and passion which see demoniac tumult in the sunset and the smoke of Acheron in the clouds, which "study man only in the skeleton and Nature in ashes." He bids them observe the repose and quiet of all lovely skies (but here his hearers and readers must interrupt him, reluctantly, with one of many inevitable queries), and themselves live steadfastly "beneath the pacific effulgence of the sky. Will you not lift your lives in fruitfulness for the earth, and in purity like the melting snows, so that in time to come the surest knowledge of England shall be of the faithfulness of her sons, and her glory in the pure hearts of her children?"

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Mr. Ruskin, in his solemn and inspired optimism, is intolerant. He has no compassion for the profound apprehension and keen apprehensiveness which have indeed so wrought upon the sensi-



tive hearts of our age that to them Nature looks spectral in the light of the evil of the world. Mr. Ruskin would have us see the clouds only in their glory and stillness standing still in the northern twilight, and "struck into full crimson in the July morning;" and he crushes with his indignation some French book which, dealing with ærial phenomena, is illustrated with a drawing of clouds grouped into the likeness of a mocking and angry fiend. We do not know the work in question, and cannot judge how much there is of pessimistic pose or how much of pitiable sincerity in its horror. But assuredly Mr. Ruskin might have remembered the poem of one whose painting he has acknowledged as among the noblest of the time; he might have recollected that a certain scene of sin once drew from Rossetti one tremendous line:

"It makes a goblin of the sun."

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Mr. Matthew Arnold, in visiting America, goes into a country where his prophecies have always had a special honour. For twenty years at least his literary and ethical studies have there been part of the literature of every fairly-educated family, and this, perhaps, cannot be said of England—scarcely very confidently of London. That is, Mr. Arnold is as familiar here to the class that may claim the distinctive name of readers as he can be in New England; but we believe that the larger class that reads accidentally has been more interested in his message in America than it has been here. The fact is, that the whole of Mr. Matthew Arnold's prose work, and all his later poetry, is written in the latest mood of the world's feeling. It is old work, not young. It has the sensitiveness, the literariness, of those upon whom the ends of the world have come. And so it commends itself to that old race in a young world which, after its various experiences, is the oldest in heart of all the peoples of the earth.

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To us it seems that Americans are only now recognizing—or hardly yet recognizing—this important fact of their old age. Their efforts to be young in their new world have produced all those inharmonious effects of art and literature which we know of—novels of incongruous wild life and adventure, panoramic pictures of elementary nature, and, above all, Mr. Walt Whitman's declamations. All these things have now been set aside. The later American painter has studied landscape in modest passages of field and hill, under cultivation, in small forms, and has done his work in the advanced and modern spirit. The later American novelist has in like manner taken the extreme points of civilized society for his subject of study, and has adopted those realistic and experimental methods which are essentially modern—experienced, sensitive, delicate, thoughtful, small, and in every way proper to an old race. If Americans have never yet been congratulated upon their abandonment of their delusion that they were new, and destined to do large, young, primitive, and elementary work, it is time to congratulate them now. A certain disappointment will mingle with their own self-felicitations, no doubt, but this should cease in pleasure at the true triumphs of modern art which they have achieved—novels of exquisite fineness, and an essay-literature full of unusual thought, set in a delicately discriminating vocabulary. It is worth while to give up a delusion for these, even though the delusion included the thought—so pleasant to Americans—that when they were criticised it was for barbarism, and not for vulgarity. It is much nicer to be considered a savage than a rowdy—but then savagery is a young evil, and to such we cannot allow the Americans to have any right.

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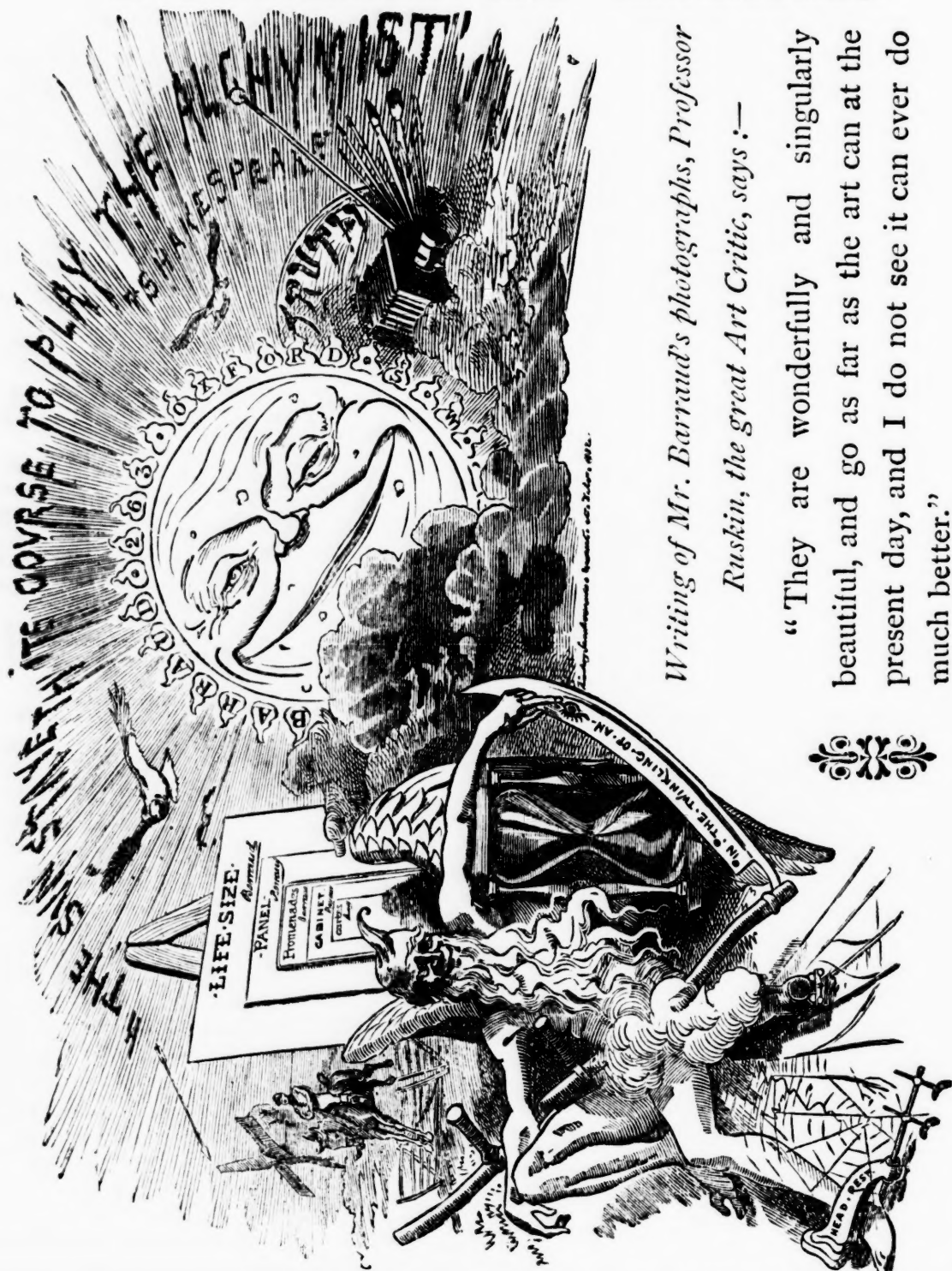


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# MANIFESTO

OF

# MERRY ENGLAND.

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PROFESSOR RUSKIN does not love the steam plough, yet surely the steam plough in the midst of scenery the most idyllic is a better alternative—where such the alternative must be—than a starving people. The Professor indeed supposes that the modern ploughboy's whistling, as well as his work, will be done by steam; but we have faith that the rustic will yet again whistle for himself, albeit no longer for "want of thought." Frankly accepting the conditions of Modern England, we would have it a Merry England too. Though the maypole be a thing of the past, the same instinct for joy which moved men and maidens on the village greens of long ago is ready to assert itself still—Heaven sees in what distorted fashion—in our manufacturing towns, in our dense seaports, and our fields of coal. In London alone there are "two millions who never smile"—the members, alas! of a great family scattered, or rather huddled, in every city and village, through the land.

How their toil may be lightened and dignified for them, their sky cleared, their air sweetened, and the care for that light and sweetness cultivated in themselves; how marriage may be, not more rash, yet more possible and more righteous, among them; how maternity, losing at least its mental anguish, may regain once more the ancient "joy that a man is born into the world;" how the

children who now perish in their infancy may be saved to society and to thrifty homes; how old age may be made a season of honourable peace and of a well-earned pension, rather than of workhouse misery, which—cruel as death—puts asunder husband and wife; how Religion may be made more dear—at once more divine and more human, and the reverences and tendernesses of life multiplied among them:—how all this may be, the writers in the new Magazine will, from time to time, invite their readers to consider.

Such topics as these we shall attempt to treat with a freshness and delicacy which will redeem them from the dulness of blue-books, and will bid for the sympathy even of the happy and the young—the England which is Merry in all epochs. And if not in these, at least in less difficult problems concerning a Nation's welfare we shall have scope for fancy, and take opportunities for fun. We spare our readers the trite remark that Literature and Art are great elements of human happiness; but we shall make no apology for recognizing the fact by the publication of frequent papers, critical and biographical, about the painters and the writers of the present and the past; and this at least we may promise, that our Literature shall be literary Literature and our Art shall be artistic Art. And since we hold that the length of our railroads is no measure of the happiness of life; and the electric light is no substitute for a Star in the East; nor literature a glory, nor art anything else than a shame, if they disown fealty to the All-Father;—we shall seek to revive in our own hearts, and in the hearts of others, the enthusiasm of the Christian Faith. Moreover, in religion, as in literature in art and in sociology, we shall seek to fulfil Dr. Johnson's precept, and "clear our minds of cant"—the cant of commerce and the cant of capital, the cant even of chivalry and of labour, the cant of mediævalism no less than the cant of modern days.



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P.R.A.

COLONEL W. F. BUTLER,  
A.D.C.

THE PAINTER OF "THE  
ROLL CALL."

THE AUTHOR OF "LORNA  
DOONE."

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*The following Opinions of the Press (selected from many hundreds) on the first Six Numbers of MERRY ENGLAND indicate, not only the intentions of the Projectors of the Magazine, but also the way in which those intentions have been carried out.*

---

## OF THE FIRST NUMBER.

*The "SPECTATOR" says :—*

"The new magazine is well edited, and the opening article on 'Young England,' by Mr. George Saintsbury, is extremely well written. The etching of 'Mr. Disraeli addressing the House of Commons' is admirable. The little tale called 'Miss Martha's Bag' is a very skilful and touching one, and Mr. R. D. Blackmore's verses on the 'Blackbird' are interesting and original. So are the verses on 'Primrose Day.' The magazine promises to be a social success."

*The "ACADEMY" says :—*

"The success of the first number of MERRY ENGLAND has been great."

*The "EVENING STANDARD" says :—*

"MERRY ENGLAND is a handsome magazine, with quite an aristocratic look about it. It differs in the appearance of its type, the quality of the paper, and the size of the page, from all the other monthlies. The contents are unquestionably good."

*The "GLASGOW NEWS" says :—*

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*The "GRAPHIC" says :—*

"Our youngest magazine has begun its gracious mission of brightening with fresh light and sweetness the grey dulness of middle-class lives."

*The "EVENING NEWS" says :—*

"A really charming magazine."

*The "WOLVERHAMPTON CHRONICLE" says :—*

"A vigorous manifesto indicates the high aims of the magazine, and the list of contributors gives promise that success will be deserved. We are not surprised to learn that the first edition of 5,000 copies was exhausted in a couple of days."



*The "TABLET" says:—*

"The first number of MERRY ENGLAND lets us feel that at last we have a high-class general magazine, from which the poison of infidelity shall be absent. MERRY ENGLAND is a Magazine which no cultivated household will care to be without."

*The "PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND deserves the place of honour among the magazines of the month. It claims attention at first sight by its pleasant exterior, its readable type, and its varied, yet not overburdened, contents. Nor is there any disappointment in store for us when we turn over the leaves."

*The "FREEMAN" says:—*

"The first number of the new magazine is rich in promise, and really fills a vacant place. MERRY ENGLAND, though thoroughly solid, will at the same time attract the general reader who must have something to charm him in form, as well as to instruct him in substance. If MERRY ENGLAND goes on as it has begun, there can be little doubt of its final success."

*The "YARMOUTH MERCURY" says:—*

"So many magazines exist that it is excusable if one doubts whether there is room for another. Such a doubt, however, betrays ignorance, as any one reading the new periodical must frankly confess. The authors of this literary venture have recollected that the joy and gladness of human life should be as well represented as the other elements of daily experiences; and the contents of the first number admirably realize this too often neglected purpose; they are written with an earnestness of purpose and crispness of style which promise well for the future success of the magazine."

*The "LEICESTER JOURNAL" says:—*

"In the contents of the new magazine an amount of talent is displayed which ought to secure for it a wide circle of readers."

*The "OVERLAND MAIL" says:—*

"In aim, appearance, and get up, MERRY ENGLAND differs somewhat from its kind—a broad and pleasant page, a clear and open type, a genuine and genial policy. Its contents are varied and well written, by able and popular authors."

*The "ESSEX STANDARD" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND bids fair to be a formidable rival to the American monthlies which are so popular. There is a manifesto to the first number, in which the aims and objects of the new magazine are clearly set forth; and even surer guarantee of what we may look for from its pages is afforded by the contents of the first part, and by the subjects and writers announced for future numbers."

*The "CHURCH TIMES" says:—*

"The new magazine, MERRY ENGLAND, begins well."

*The "WEEKLY REGISTER" says:—*

"The illustrations will not fail to attract support from lovers of art. Etching—more costly as it is more satisfactory than any form of engraving—is the method used, and for the first time in a magazine sold at the price. MERRY ENGLAND is therefore in the cheap-periodical movement of the day."

*The "WATERFORD CITIZEN" says:—*

"The opening number of MERRY ENGLAND is worthy of its mission—that of endeavouring to infuse a spirit of refinement into everyday life. Colonel Butler furnishes a contribution to the history of the life of St. Patrick, which evinces ripe scholarship, and is written in a singularly fascinating style. Sometimes, indeed, the gifted writer soars into a region of the purest eloquence, subdued by an undertone of pathos."

*The "WATERFORD NEWS" says:—*

"The new magazine has met with that cordial reception which its excellence and cheapness so well deserve. MERRY ENGLAND is the most interesting publication of its class that it has ever been our lot to read."

*The "WHITEHAVEN FREE PRESS" says:—*

"The first number of the new national magazine, the advent of which has been looked for in literary circles with some curiosity, is a good sample, and if succeeding numbers are well up to it, it will prove a happy combination of art and literature."

*The "BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND the new and highly promising candidate for public favour, is an unqualified success, and can scarcely fail to become rapidly popular."

*The "HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND has at last appeared, and contrary to the rule in the case of newly issued magazines, the first number justifies the preliminary announcements which prepared the reading public for its advent."

*The "SOUTHAMPTON OBSERVER" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND, will no doubt hold a high position in the literature of the day."

*The "BOLTON WEEKLY GUARDIAN" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND promises to have a glorious future. 'The Light of the West,' by Colonel Butler, as an historical picture, is the sublimest we have ever seen in any magazine. St. Patrick never had a biographer who was able to condense so magnificent a panegyric into so short a space. But all the articles in the new Magazine deserve, and will command, public appreciation."

*The "NORWICH MERCURY" says:—*

"The new shilling magazine illustrates excellently the improvement in public taste. The etching of Lord Beaconsfield is of itself worth a larger sum than is charged for the magazine, and it will be valued by Liberals no less than by Tories. If MERRY ENGLAND continues to offer us so good a shillingworth its success is certain."

*The "BOOKSELLER" says:—*

"The new Magazine aims at a higher standard than the existing shilling monthlies, and is illustrated by a capital etching. The paper and printing are of a superior quality, and the general appearance is handsomer than is usual in a shilling magazine."

*The "LONDONDERRY SENTINEL" says:—*

"The new monthly magazine bids fair to obtain a prominent position among its contemporaries. The task which the writers have set before them is a noble one, and the contributors to the first number each and all display a comprehensiveness of scope and depth of research and vivacity of description which cannot fail to secure the approval of the reading public. Colonel Butler's description of the Emerald Isle is sublime and beautiful, almost forcing one to realize the poet's picture—'First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea!' This single contribution is worth the price of the entire magazine."

*The "DERRY SENTINEL" says:—*

"The new magazine promises much in the way of high-class literature of a healthy kind, and the first number performs well the duty which it has marked out for itself. It will take its proper place among the best periodical literature of the nineteenth century."

*The "NEW YORK WORLD" says:—*

"The first number will challenge comparison with any of the old popular monthlies."

*The "PAISLEY HERALD" says:—*

"All the articles are well-written and highly attractive. We shall be greatly disappointed in this magazine if it does not obtain a high place among our best monthlies."

*The "SOUTH ESSEX ADVERTISER" says:—*

"The new aspirant among our Shilling serials opens with a very attractive number, the admirable etching being worth the price of the magazine many times told. If MERRY ENGLAND gives us an etching of this quality monthly, we should say the success of the magazine is assured, independently of its literary contents; but these also are of a high order of merit."

*The "NORTHAMPTONSHIRE GUARDIAN" says:—*

"The object which the projectors set before them is a noble one. Every lover of his kind will wish that the magazine may be in such measure, as is possible, instrumental in accomplishing its high purpose. We have rarely seen a first number of such excellent promise. The whole of the articles are eminently readable, and some of them are pitched in a far higher key than the usual run of magazine literature."

*The "LADY'S PICTORIAL" says:—*

"The etching in the new venture has caused its sale to be enormous. The first number contains a powerfully written article by Mr. George Saintsbury, on the 'Young England Party,' and one by Col. Butler, on the 'Light of the West,' which will make all true Irish hearts thrill with patriotic pride. No one has ever written with clearer insight than Mr. Kegan Paul on the 'English Rustic'; Mr. Cole's 'Plea for Health Guilds' is extremely important; Miss Alice Corkran's Novelette is exquisitely pathetic; and Mr. R. D. Blackmore's 'Blackbird' is a charming and uncommon little poem."

*The "ARCHITECT" says:—*

"The new magazine is bright and readable throughout."



## OF THE SECOND NUMBER.

*The "ACADEMY" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND follows up the good start made last month; and, indeed, we think that in some respects the second number is better than the first, having more distinctness and unity of purpose. Mrs. Meynell's writing never lacks charm, and her article on the home of the Carlyles—ironically entitled, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives'—treats with real freshness a subject about which a great deal that is neither fresh nor edifying has been written. Mr. J. G. Cox's exposition of 'The Law of the Mother and the Child,' and his comments thereupon, are luminous and sensible. 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night,' by Mr. Ashcroft Noble, is an account of a little club of ropemakers who met every week to read and discuss the writings of Mr. Ruskin, J. S. Mill, Carlyle, and Cardinal Newman; and Mr. Noble quotes some shrewd criticisms made by the workers in hemp. There is a very creditable etching of St. Alban's Abbey, from the needle of Mr. Tristram Ellis."

*The "EVENING STANDARD" says:*

"The second is a delightful number of MERRY ENGLAND. Every article is excellent; and any subject that may be regarded as belonging to the 'solid' class is treated with a light and pleasant touch. A light and agreeable seriousness is evidently the aim of the Magazine."

*The "FREEMAN" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND is pleasantly bright and varied. Of Mrs. Meynell it may be said as truly as of Goldsmith, that she touches nothing which she does not adorn; but she is something more than a mere graceful writer, and her article on the home of the Carlyles—entitled, with a sad irony, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives,' is as valuable for its fine moral insight as for its delicate literary touch. Novelty is generally attractive, and many readers will probably find it in the bright and attractive sketch entitled, 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night,' which is from the pen of Mr. Ashcroft Noble, and should be read by all desirous of understanding the working-classes of our country. Mr. J. G. Cox, whose literary work is becoming favourably and deservedly known, has the happy knack of making even legal matters interesting, and his article on 'The Law of the Mother and Child' will enlarge the knowledge of most readers without sending them to sleep. Mrs. Haweis writes learnedly of 'Dress in Merry England'; Mrs. Loftie brightly of 'Social Dulness' considered as a 'bogey of provincial life'; and Mr. John Oldcastle's story, 'A Doubtful Parishioner,' is well conceived and capitally told."

*The "WORCESTERSHIRE ADVERTISER" says:*

"Number two of this capital magazine sustains the reputation of its first issue, and bids fair to hold a permanent place in our literature."

*The "PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR" says:—*

"The second number opens with a pleasant bit of historical gossip on St. Alban's Abbey, by Mr. R. Brinsley Sheridan Knowles. The etching of the noble building by Mr. Tristram Ellis is worth more than the price of the magazine, and will in many cases find its way to a frame. Mr. J. A. Noble gives a readable sketch of 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night'; Mr. J. G. Cox supplies an interesting and valuable summary of 'the Law of the Mother and the Child'; Mrs. Loftie discourses pleasantly upon 'Social Liability'; and Mrs. Haweis takes up her favourite theme of 'Dress.' A series of readable notes closes the number, which more than justifies the praise we bestowed on the first issue. It is an eminently readable magazine, and its aim is not only to entertain but to elevate."

*The "BURY POST" says:—*

"This is only the second number of the new magazine, but already it seems installed as a favourite. The serious things of the world are not eschewed, but they are touched with a delicate and light hand, and agreeable tints are laid on with a fine and discriminating touch. Mr. John Oldcastle writes an admirable story, and Mr. J. A. Noble shows conclusively that working-men are susceptible to culture."

*The "ADVERTISER" says:—*

"Of the first number of this new aspirant a critic remarked, 'if MERRY ENGLAND goes on as it has begun there can be little doubt of its final success.' We can only say that it is going on as it began. The second number contains all the literary merit which won for the first number such prompt and decided success."

*The "DERBY MERCURY" says:—*

"The second number of MERRY ENGLAND well fulfils the promise of the first number. The etching is worth more than the money asked for the whole number, and there is no falling off in the quality of the literary contributions."

*The "PAISLEY GAZETTE" says:—*

"The title of the magazine was happily chosen, and it raised expectations which may reasonably be said to be fully met. The readable type in which the magazine is printed helps to promote the popularity it has already obtained, and which the character of the contributions well maintain."

*The "TABLET" says:—*

"The June number of MERRY ENGLAND is exceptionally good. Mrs. Meynell's article, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives,' is not only charmingly written, but treats of a difficult subject with consummate tact. Mr. J. G. Cox contributes a clear and powerful article on the 'Law of the Mother and the Child;' while the 'Reviews and Views' are written with a subtle distinction of style which will betray to many the hand of one of the most charming writers of the day."

*The "SOUTHAMPTON OBSERVER" says:—*

"The second number will certainly extend the excellent impression made by the first. A variety of well-written papers make up a very readable number of this high-toned periodical, which seems destined to make a distinct position for itself above the average of ordinary miscellanies."

*The "BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND is a marvellous shillingsworth; its etching, essays, stories and reviews being all good."

*The "BRISTOL MERCURY" says:—*

"It is satisfactory to be able to say of the new magazine that the second number is as good as the first. Mrs. Meynell contributes a graceful essay; and to this succeeds a capital little story of a class that always pleases, by Mr. Oldcastle. Mr. Noble gives an interesting account of an evening spent in the company of Liverpool operatives; and Mr. J. G. Cox deals in an earnest and able spirit with an important social question."

*The "OXFORD UNIVERSITY HERALD" says:—*

"The second number of this new magazine shows no falling off. Mr. John Oldcastle contributes an excellent story, 'A Doubtful Parishioner,' the leading incident in which is quite new."

*The "SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" says:—*

"The etching of St. Alban's Abbey, by Mr. Tristram Ellis, is a really beautiful work of art."

*"LIFE" says:—*

"We said of the first number of this magazine, and we now repeat of its successor, that the promise contained in its manifesto has been amply redeemed. Its literature is literary and its art artistic; and we are glad to see that other periodicals have done full justice to its attractive external form."

*The "IRISH MONTHLY" says:—*

"There are several new magazines, but the one to which we feel impelled to give a cordial greeting is MERRY ENGLAND; in spite of its name the graceful design on its cover gives, we think, a dozen shamrocks to two thistles and one rose. Very great taste and skill, inclining to the dainty and æsthetic, are shown even in the mechanical arrangements of the new magazine, which is the first of its kind to use etchings freely for its illustrations."

## OF THE THIRD NUMBER.

*The "ACADEMY" says:—*

"Considerable artistic interest attaches to the third number of MERRY ENGLAND. Mrs. Meynell's article, 'The Story of a Picture,' is illustrated with nine reproductions of studies made by Sir Frederick Leighton for his noble design for the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, 'And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.' The studies in themselves are interesting; and, though Mrs. Meynell modestly speaks of herself as an outsider, her comments are characterized by knowledge as well as judgment. Mrs. Butler also contributes an illustration, entitled 'A Cistercian Shepherd,' which accompanies an article by Mr. J. G. Cox.

*The "NEWCASTLE COURANT" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND has a character of its own, thoroughly original, clever, and bright."

*The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—*

"The contents of MERRY ENGLAND are of uniform excellence. Probably not the least important of the factors which go to make up the marked individuality of MERRY ENGLAND is the fact that, while it has each month contained at least one picture of considerable artistic value, it is not an illustrated magazine in the usual sense of the term, that is to say—it is not a magazine in which it is considered necessary to have a certain number of illustrations, good, bad, or indifferent. Thus, while the first two numbers each contained an admirable etching, the present one contains no less than ten full-page engravings, of which nine are by Sir Frederick Leighton. The conception and execution are alike powerful, and leave an impression of the earnest thought which the President has brought to bear upon his design. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a spirited drawing by the painter of the 'Roll-Call.' The article which is illustrated, 'Horney-handed Brothers,' is by Mr. J. G. Cox, and is a tribute to the earnest, unselfish industry of the old monks in the best days of monasticism, when much that was best and noblest in humanity found its highest expression in the single lives of the inhabitants of the cloister. The other articles are on 'A Berkshire Village a Hundred Years Ago,' by the Rev. J. F. Cornish; 'Thoughts in a Library,'



by John Dennis; 'Small Talk,' by Alice Corkran; and 'Travelling Thoughts on the Acropolis,' by Mrs. Pfeiffer. These, with a story by Rosa Mulholland, a poem on 'The London Sparrow' by W. H. Hudson, and the literary and artistic gossip, under the heading, 'Reviews and Views,' make up a number which is readable from beginning to end, and which is marked throughout by a confidently high tone not always found in contemporaneous periodical literature."

*The "NORTHERN ECHO" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND is a good shillingsworth of clever, perverse, whimsical, gossiping, academical prose, poetry, and pictures."

## OF THE FOURTH NUMBER.

*The "GLOBE" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND continues the distinct features which have characterized it from the beginning. It is completely different from all other magazines, and the articles are ably written."

*The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—*

"The New Magazine has now reached the fourth number, and we are glad to see that it fully maintains the excellent promise with which it started."

*"The EVENING STANDARD" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND is developing originality. The pleasant, familiarly-written essays, and the easy flowing sketches, sometimes full of suggestive instruction, and yet free from all stiltedness, place readers and writers on the best terms at once. Mrs. Lynn Lynton contributes what we may call a *causerie* on 'Scandal'; 'A Gift of Interpretation,' by Mr. Francis Phillimore, is admirable; 'With Ariel' is at once careful and thoughtful; and Miss Alice Corkran's 'Face at the Window' is a pleasantly told story."

## OF THE FIFTH NUMBER.

*The "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL" says:—*

"Within the last few years many new magazines have been started. One of the newest is "MERRY ENGLAND," which has several distinguishing features of its own. A certain daintiness and elegance mark the type and paper, and all the other externals, including the cover. Never before in a cheap magazine has etching, the most costly and satisfactory form of engraving, been used so freely for the purpose of illustration. The fiction of the magazine is confined to tales finished in a single number."

*The "BRISTOL TIMES" says:—*

"MERRY ENGLAND, though the youngest of the Magazines, has succeeded, by its own intrinsic merits, in forcing itself into the front rank."

*The "NORTHERN WHIG" says:—*

"Mr. W. J. Loftie contributes a chatty article 'About Westminster,' which is illustrated by a capital etching of the Abbey, by Mr. Tristram Ellis. Mr. Davidson's story 'The Mysterious Hamper' is a pleasant illustration of the old story, how the lawyers take the oysters and leave the shells to their clients. In 'Spoilt Parents,' Mrs. Lynch pertinently replies to those who censure parents for spoiling their children. 'A Night with the Unchanged' is written by Mr. Richard Dowling in his best vein, and charmingly satirizes some of the most respectable criminals who adorn society in these days."

## OF THE SIXTH NUMBER.

*The "LIVERPOOL MERCURY" says:—*

"The sixth number of MERRY ENGLAND upholds its character for general excellence."

*The "NORTHAMPTON GUARDIAN" says:—*

"Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was so prominent a figure in the Egyptian difficulty that the public interested in the promotion of justice will be glad to know something more of a man who was anxious to see it done. Readers of Mr. Oldcastle's sketch of Mr. Blunt's life will rise from its perusal with the strengthened conviction that in the course he took he was fighting not only in the cause of truth and justice, but also in the interests of his own country. . . . In 'Empire or Fellowship' Mr. J. G. Cox ably indicates the revolution of ideas in our relationship to our colonies, and as we think, has interpreted most truly one of the most gratifying moral changes of our time. He has touched one of the most powerful springs in the national feeling and will—one of the spiritual forces that work silently but surely in the regeneration of the world."

*The "MANCHESTER EXAMINER" says:—*

"Mrs. Lynch's very energetic endeavour to class patient Grizzel and her followers as criminals rather than as heroines is boldly truthful and yet amusing."

*"LIFE" says:—*

"*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* would be an apt motto for this charming magazine; and if its editor continues—as he has begun—to give its subscribers variety as well as value for their money, *nihil non tetigit* will soon be equally applicable. As for agreeing with everything that every writer in MERRY ENGLAND advances, that, we need hardly say, is out of the question. We gravely doubt, for example, the soundness of the view of the Egyptian question put forward by Mr. John Oldcastle in his interesting sketch of the career of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt; yet we cannot but admire the literary skill with which Mr. Oldcastle states his case."

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